

HUSTLER

CANADA



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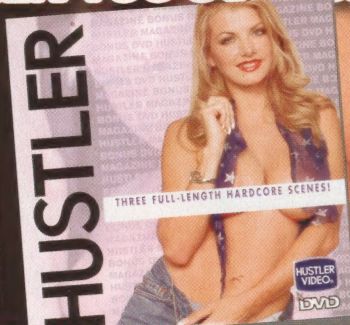
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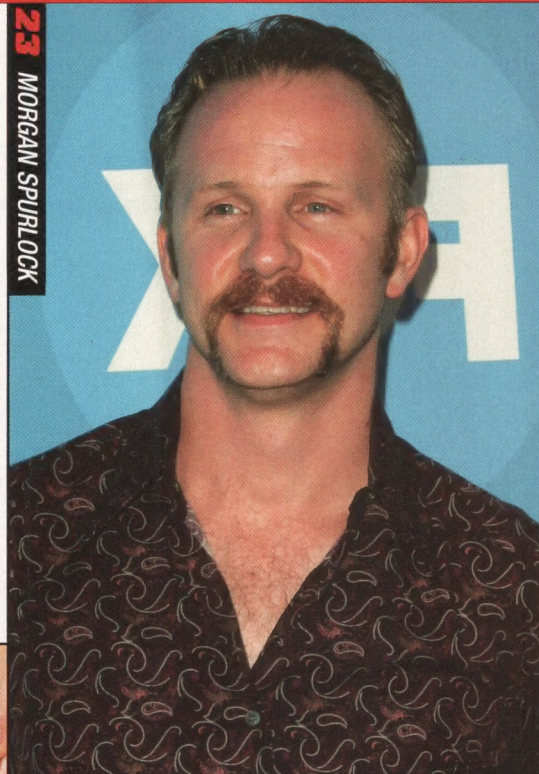
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Bits & Pieces

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH



MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL

You're caught cheating on an exam in high school or university. Does your mark still count?

Hell, no! You're A++ is stricken from your transcript and your sorry ass expelled.

If you play baseball, and you cheat by juicing yourself up and, in turn, juicing up your numbers, are your records stricken from the record books, your unsorry needle-pricked ass expelled from the game for life?

Fuck, no! Everything is forgiven and forgotten, because 'the players (should have) the chance to make a fresh start'.

That kind of preferential, two-faced, shit-faced, double-dealing has left Major League Baseball the laughing stock of athletic sanctioning bodies. Even the Tour de France has integrity, compared to Major League Baseball. At least they strip their 6 week cyclists of their chemical achievements when they're caught. They even help fans identify the dopes who failed their piss exams by making them wear a yellow jersey.

Major League Baseball spent 21 months and tens of millions of dollars to produce the Mitchell Report. Which basically confirmed what every horse testosterone-free player and fan had long suspected or known: baseball has been pumped up on steroids for the last 20 years, and counting.

Some cheaters were actually fingered in the report. 86 of them; 7 MVP's and 31 All Stars; arguably the best hitter and best pitcher in the history of the game. But this is just the tip

of the needle. The full truth, despite all the time and expense, didn't come out because only two current players actually cooperated and talked with Mitchell. Thanks to a heads-up-their-asses Players Association which actively encouraged their members not to cooperate.

Mitchell admitted the actual number of cheaters is much, much higher. Previous estimates, from players/users in the know, range from 30%-85% of all MLB players being swelled by more than just their gargantuan egos at some point in the past 20 years.

The steroid monster that consumed America's (former) favorite pastime was created by these morally-bankrupt, money-hungry athletes; enabled by a dangerously near-sighted union more interested in protecting

players' 'privacy' than players' health, or the health and integrity of the game that made them rich; and knowingly ignored by a slew of spineless commissioners and greedy owners.

Major League Baseball only actually implemented a drug-testing policy in 2003, for Chemical Ali's sake! And a pitifully poor one at that. And they still don't test for human growth hormones, or most of the other substances on the World Anti-Doping Agency's prohibited list.

So, even with the Mitchell Report's formal acknowledgment of baseball's chemical romance, the League is still way behind other sports when it comes to dealing with drugs and punishing cheaters.

The International Olympic Committee is constantly erasing and rewriting their penciled-in record

books and redistributing medals based on the latest urine tests, and court cases. But Mitchell says that baseball's commissioner should 'forego imposing discipline on players for past violations of baseball's rules on performance enhancing substances'. Where have you gone Kenesaw Mountain Landis!?

In fact, all of the juice monkeys in baseball should have their records erased and their names removed from Hall of Fame ballots. Otherwise, the integrity-crushing effects of the Steroid Era are going to be felt for decades to come. If anyone's still watching by then.

Because the real people cheated, the real victims of these crimes against fair play, were, and are, the faithful fans and dedicated gamblers who pay the bills. Expecting to see a clean game contested on a level playing field between naturally talented and trained athletes, what they got instead were fixed matches and fraudulent results based on whoever had the better pharmaceuticals.

Every fan who shelled out for a ticket and every sporting man who laid down a wager during baseball's corrosive Steroid Era should be retroactively refunded their hard-earned cash. Small compensation for wholesale cheating.

For 'coming clean' way too little and way too late, cheating their fans and destroying the integrity of the game, Major League Baseball is knuckle-balled the truly-earned, unsterisked record of **Hustler's Asshole of the Month**.

Send your suggestions for "Asshole of the Month" to:

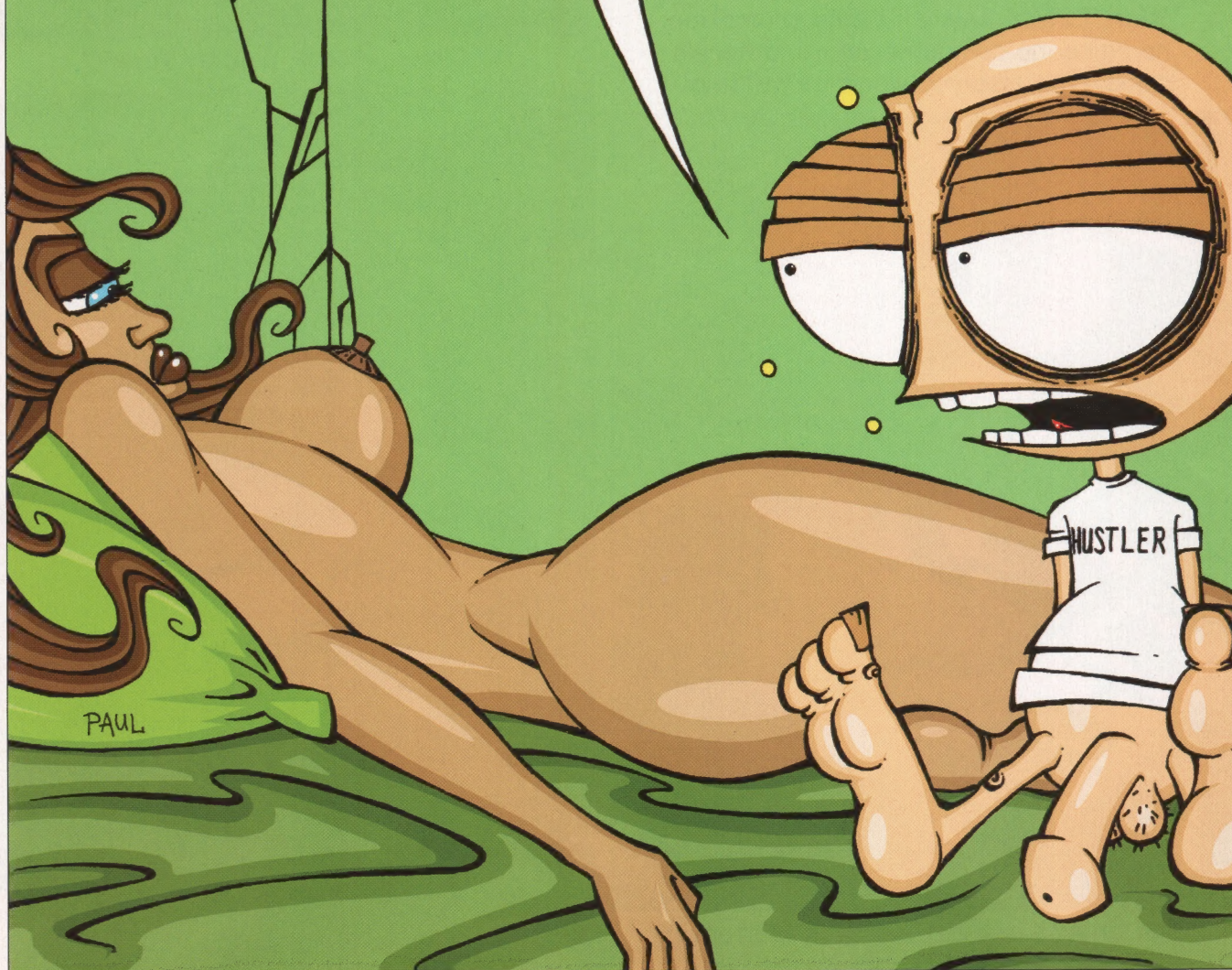
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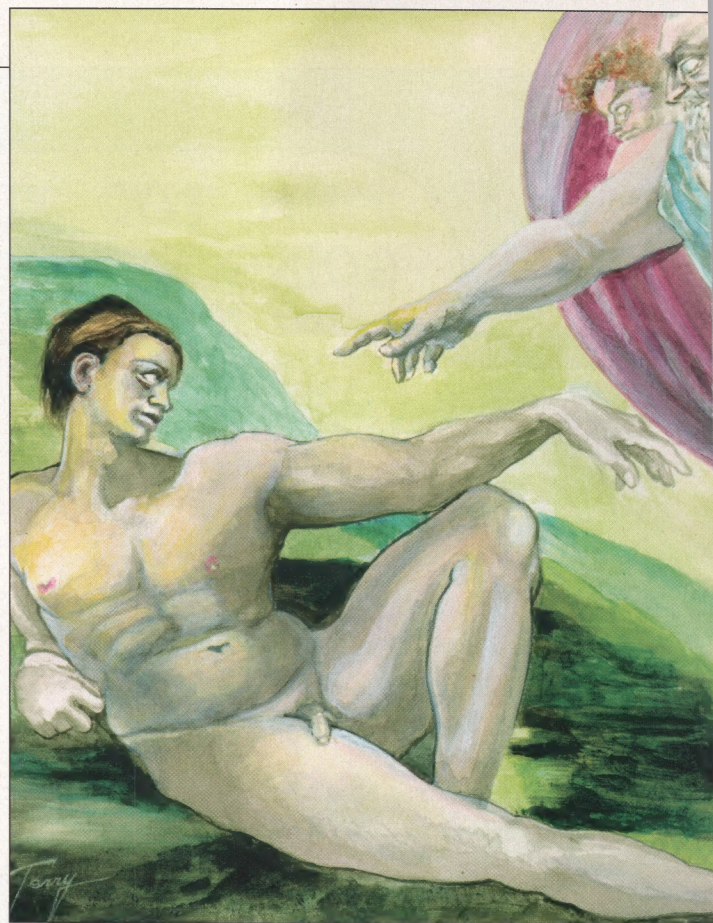
Vancouver, BC, Canada V5Z 4R3

I'M TOO TIRED TO KEEP
GOING SO LET'S CONSIDER
THIS A DRY RUN.

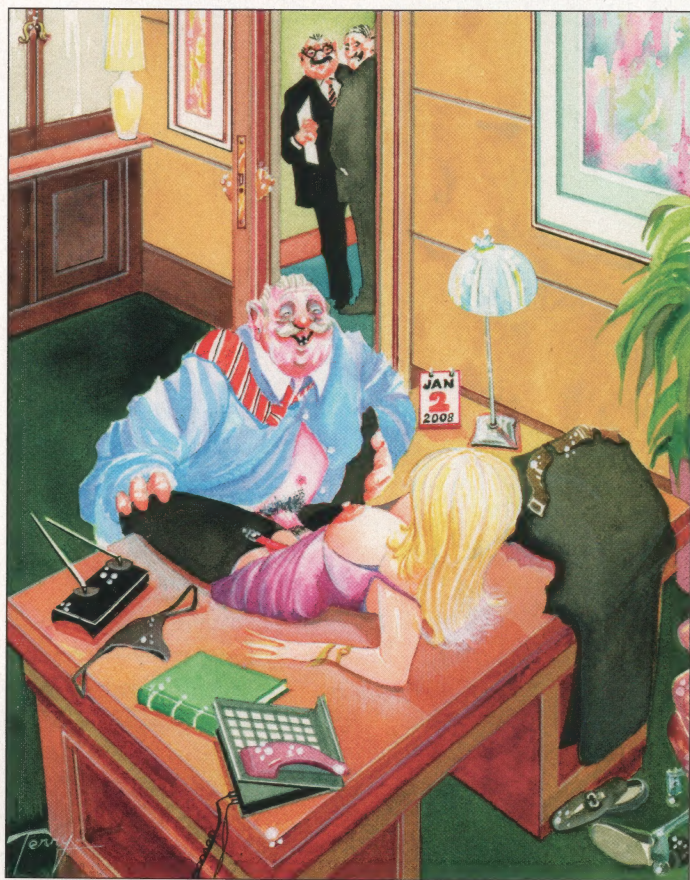




"Well, Drake, there'll be no promotion, no raise, no company car—and here's something else you won't be getting!"



"C'mon, Adam, pull my finger!"



"The chief's a great believer in starting the new year with a bang."





Colin Powell hopes to once again serve in uniform.



"And now, folks, the eagerly awaited entries from Larry Flynt and the guys at HUSTLER Magazine."

The Cartoonery of Terry Redknapp

BACK IN THE 1960s, eager to submit a sampling of his first creations, Terry Redknapp visited the offices of a local London magazine. Unimpressed, an editor offered the fledgling 'toonist a little advice: "Give it up!" Luckily for HUSTLER's readers, Redknapp did no such thing. Instead, he went back to the drawing board, called on the same editor a year later and sold him several cartoons. "He didn't remember me," Terry recalls. "And when I reminded him, he laughed and said, 'I'll shut up from now on!'"

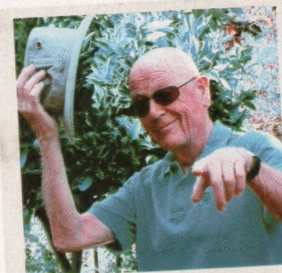
A career newspaperman, Redknapp built a daunting résumé while working around the world, from his native England to Australia and, ultimately, the West Coast of the United States. From 1975 to 1990 he ran the graphic-design department of the *Los Angeles Times*. Terry is proud of the fact that he not only helped take the prestigious publication "into colour," but also won several awards for its coverage of the 1984 Olympics.

Redknapp witnessed the Vietnam War firsthand during his "strangest" gig, serving as a combat cartoonist for the U.S. Marine Corps. "When I first received the letter from the Defense Department in 1969," Terry tells us, "I thought I had been drafted." He wasn't. Instead, the volunteer was ordered to complete one week of pre-combat training before being authorized to join leathernecks in Nam and commence drawing.

Redknapp hadn't heeded an editor's disparaging advice in the distant past, but after first sending material our way a few years back, he took to heart the words of HUSTLER Editorial Director Bruce David.

"I was getting frustrated that Larry Flynt wasn't picking my stuff," the now-grateful cartoonist relates. "So I wrote a letter saying thank you for the consideration, but I guess I'm not what you are looking for. Bruce called me up and told me that he liked what I was doing and not to quit, so I didn't."

Lo and behold, Terry's unique artistic style (rendering his cartoons with thinned-down acrylics) was soon gracing the pages of HUSTLER. Look for more of Terry's offerings in HUSTLER HUMOUR Magazine.



Clarence Thomas just a hair away from becoming chief justice.



Stormy Daniels

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS



Hedgehogging her bets?



Gina Lynn



Courtney Cummmz



Jenna Haze

OH, STORMY!

STORMY DANIELS AND SOME of the XXX goddess's horny pals celebrated her latest Wicked Pictures epic, *Operation Desert Stormy*, in style. Jenna Haze, Courtney Cummmz and Ron Jeremy were just a few of the porn dignitaries who turned out at the House of Blues in L.A.

AURA BOGADO AWARDS

ANOTHER PHOTO we are sure will piss off the militant feminists from radio station KPFK in Los Angeles.



Some women just love a *little* pain mixed in with their pleasure, while others get off puffing up their pussies by pricking them with saline-filled hypodermic needles. Thanks to our sister magazine HUSTLER'S TABOO for supplying this pointed photo.

HITLER'S HIDEAWAY?



WHAT IS THIS? Some sort of Nazi resort? Nope. It's actually an aerial view of the Seabees Barracks at the Coronado Naval Base in California. The facility is about to get a \$600,000 makeover after outraged activists and Jewish groups complained that it resembles a swastika. *Resembles a swastika? It is the Nazi symbol!*

We just hope no conservatives fly over the Flynt Building. They just might realize that it looks a lot like a wide-open pussy.

NEWSBITES

Pricey Pubes

A British gal has started an Internet site to finance costly laser hair-removal treatment from her pelvic area. If you have 200 bucks to spare, visit MillionDollarPubes.com and order one of the chick's newly shorn pubic hairs. Two hundred bucks per pube? That's a pretty steep price to pay! Maybe if she can *shave* a few bucks off the asking price, we'd buy a few ourselves.

Booze of Broads

Here's the scenario: You're in a bar hanging out with your pals and fiancée. She wants to leave, but you want to stay for just one more round. So you give the party-pooper the keys to your van and off she goes—angry. A few drinks later you stumble home to find out your bride-to-be has packed all your valuables into the van, which ends up in a harbor. This actually happened to a 24-year-old dude in England recently. The lesson? Never piss off a woman then give her your keys...unless you own a boat.

Unedible Panties

Looks as if you're going to have to get your penis pasta and chocolate body paint from somewhere other than Norway. The Scandinavian country's largest chain of sex stores was busted by inspectors for not having the proper labels on food-based exotics. The establishment plans to obey the laws and bring its food-based sex items up to code. Well, everyone does love a good smorgasbord!

The Gift of Gonorrhea?

Looking for that cute-and-cuddly stuffed animal to give the woman you love? Who isn't? How about one shaped like herpes, the clap, syphilis or HIV? Hard to believe, but some genius online company called Giant Microbes is offering a line of these puffy pals for sale. Why would anyone want to cuddle up with Chlamydia?

Sign of the Times



WHO IS THE sign warning? The fence or a guy willing to fuck the damn thing? Thanks to K.F. from Hackensack, New Jersey.

If you spot a funny sign, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER's Sign of the Times, c/o Bits & Pieces, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

HUSTLER

Club Girl #8



WHEN ASKED TO DISCLOSE her hobbies, lovely Ana had just one answer: "Sucking pussy." Maybe that's why we're showcasing the 21-year-old hottie here. Ana and her naturally robust boobs can be seen polishing the pole at Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club in Cleveland.



FUCKING PRODUCE

THAT IS ONE HOT PEPPER! Thanks to R.D. of Sterling, Illinois, for sending us a snapshot of this natural wonder. Now here's the burning question: Would Ron Jeremy fuck it?

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB



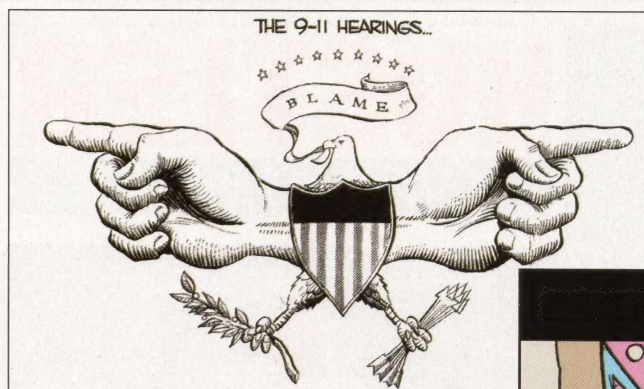
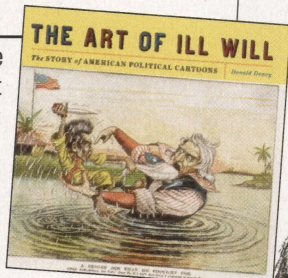
THE ART OF ILL WILL

The Story of American Political Cartoons

by Donald Dewey

► **THIS MONTH'S PICK**, featuring more than 200 images, is a comprehensive, hardcover tome that chronicles how political cartoons have influenced public opinion and American history itself since colonial times. Theodore Roosevelt, Richard Nixon and Dubya are just a few of the political figures getting deservedly lampooned in Dewey's entertaining roundup.

The Art of Ill Will is available at bookstores everywhere.



JERRY'S WORLD



"If you want to know where my 'G Spot' is, just ask me. I doubt your GPS will find it."

NEWS BABES



THIS MONTH'S PICK is Lindsay Allen of Lima, Ohio's WLIO-TV, Channel 35. The station's new weekend anchor sure knows how to deliver hard news in a way that will make you hard. Thanks to T.V. for submitting this fine talking head.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to HUSTLER, News Babes, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.



"Bring me the George W. Bush contract, will you, Sylvia?
He wants to renegotiate for even more power!"



TO HELL WITH CLOTHES!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

WHAT
TMZ DIDN'T
SHOW YOU!



ASHLYNN BROOKE



We 9-to-5 stiff all dream of the perfect job, but few of us ever land it. Now a certified skin-biz sensation, **Ashlynn Brooke** has certainly found hers. "Back home I ran a used-car lot for three years," the spunky Oklahoman recalls, "and before that I waited tables. Now I can't wait to hop in my car and drive to work. What girl wouldn't? I'll either be taking off my clothes and looking sexy, or taking off my clothes and having hot sex. Being a real-life porn star is a fantasy-come-true!"

But don't think **Ashlynn** is your garden-variety video vixen. "Most people assume girls get into porn to rebel against their uptight parents or because they were abused," she relates, "but that wasn't the case with me. My family supports me fully."

Despite finding herself in the limelight, **Ashlynn** remains a girl-next-door at heart. "I'm a huge football fan, particularly my Sooners and my Packers," the affable looker reveals. "I love animals, riding ATVs, fishing, house-keeping, cooking and personally handling my MySpace page. I just moved to L.A., but I'm very true to my hometown and country living."

By leaving the Heartland behind, **Ashlynn** can now do things she once only dreamed about—even being the subject of Hollywood gossip. One night the babe was spotted with Alfonso Ribeiro, best known for his role as Carlton Banks on the '90s TV sitcom *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*. Several Web sites reported that the couple were "dating," but **Ashlynn** set the record straight: "Alfonso and I are just friends." But what a friend to hang with!







Many hot-to-trot newcomers blow into town, do a handful of fuck flicks and quickly vanish into the woodwork. Not **Ms. Brooke**, who vows, "I plan on being the Bret Favre of porn!" Since the legendary quarterback has 17 seasons under his belt, **Ashlynn**—whose favorite position is doggy-style—has a load of hard work in store. "I absolutely love sex," she purrs. "Having an orgasm is probably as close to heaven as I'm ever gonna get!"





ASHLYNN'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Choctaw, Oklahoma

AGE: 22

BIRTH SIGN: Leo

HEIGHT: 5-2

WEIGHT: 106

MEASUREMENTS: 34C-23-33

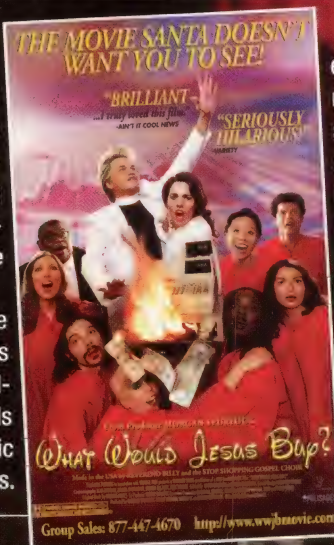
REVEREND BILLY

THE CHURCH OF STOP SHOPPING'S FIERY PROPHET

INTERVIEW BY BRUCE DAVID & ED RAMPALL

MEET REVEREND BILLY, whose spirited campaign to address Americans' spending habits (particularly around Christmastime) is chronicled in *What Would Jesus Buy?* Produced by Morgan Spurlock of *Super Size Me* fame, the acclaimed documentary follows the flamboyant "preacher" and his Church of Stop Shopping Gospel Choir as they joyously sing the praises of anti-consumerism during a month-long tour through the Heartland.

Understandably, on their crusade to exorcise "the demons of the cash register," Reverend Billy and his troupe are not welcomed with open arms. From Wal-Marts to Disneyland, as the cameras roll, the Rev finds himself getting hauled off in handcuffs for praying on public sidewalks or reciting the Constitution of the United States.



His red-robed choir and histrionics may emulate the trappings of a traditional revival meeting, but Reverend Billy has a sincere message: Don't support consumerism; support your neighbors and independent businesses; think twice about being misled by advertising.

HUSTLER sat down with Reverend Billy, the high-profile alter ego of Bill Talen. Accompanying the activist was Savitri, the activist's female companion and choir choreographer/director.

HUSTLER: Did your Church of Stop Shopping start as street theater?

REVEREND BILLY: Yes. I lived near



BY TED NEWSOM

MORGAN SPURLOCK

Supersizing Awareness

MORGAN SPURLOCK, the producer of *What Would Jesus Buy?*, first got famous by packing his maw three times a day at McDonald's restaurants for a solid month. He chronicled his 30-day strict diet of Big Macs, mountains of French fries and enough Coke to float a Buick in the documentary *Super Size Me*. Not only did Spurlock finance and shoot the film himself, he also packed on 25 pounds, screwed up his blood pressure and sent his cholesterol to toxic levels. Luckily, the antiestablishment auteur is now back to normal, while the huge success of *Super Size Me* has propelled the West Virginia native to prominence.

Besides delivering two hit documentaries, Spurlock is the producer and onscreen host of *30 Days*, a cable series that plops an individual into a contrary environment for a month: an atheist in a devout Christian household, a hunter in a vegan family, and so on. Not bad for a failed stand-up comic who was homeless for a time and got turned down by the USC film school five times.

HUSTLER: How would you describe *What Would Jesus Buy?*

MORGAN SPURLOCK: I think it's a docu-comedy. I think the film uses humor to get a serious and strong message out. Everybody who's seen it has a good time. They laugh, but they also talk about what they've just seen.

Many documentaries tend to lay out a problem and say, "This is fucked up" but offer no solutions. Yours actually provides alternatives.

I think that's important. There are things we *can* change. The answers are there. Instead of buying huge amounts of stuff because it's cheap, we can think about what we buy and give ourselves the option of where we're buying it. Think about paying a little more, supporting the store down the street, a mom-and-pop outfit, instead of giant superstores which import all this stuff from factories in China and India, places which use (continued on page 24)

Times Square in Hell's Kitchen in New York City. We noticed that some of the more interesting people in the neighborhood were disappearing. They were being arrested by Rudy Giuliani's police. Every day, Giuliani was demonizing us, calling us all muggers and drug dealers.

Of course, some of us *were*. But on a macroeconomic level, Disney was coming into Times Square. Lawyers intimidated people who owned barber shops, scuba gear supply shops, hamburger joints and, in some cases, businesses that had been in the neighborhood 30 or 40 years. They just wanted to get them out of there.

I had been a playwright and a poet. Savitri and I both have a theater background. Reverend Sidney Lanier was talking me into trying to invent a new kind of American preacher. That's his phrase. I asked myself, "Who's raising their voice here? There seems to be no objection to this 'mall-ification' of Times Square. They're privatizing the sidewalks." The policemen are saying, "If you don't have a credit card, if you're not a tourist, I'm going to arrest you."

Sidney and I decided that I would start my career as a preacher in front of the Disney Store at 42nd Street and 7th Avenue, right next to *The Lion King*, ten years ago. We had to have a theology, so we had to have a devil. In this case, the devil was clearly Mickey Mouse. (*Exaggerated preacher's voice.*) "Mickey Mou-u-us-s-s-e is the Antichrist, children!" That was the beginning.

We started having town meetings out on the sidewalks. "What is all this advertising doing to us? What is this pressure, this 'Buy, buy, buy!' and 'Spend, spend, spend!'" We're (continued on page 24)



slave labour. When we buy this stuff, we support that.

How did you finance *What Would Jesus Buy*?

I called a friend in Chicago. He knew [Reverend] Billy already, liked his message, so he and I paid to get this show on the road. After we got back to New York, some investors came in and helped us finish the movie. When it came to putting it into theaters, distributors were scared to death because the film talks about Disney and Wal-Mart. Wal-Mart is 50% of the DVD market in America today. So people were afraid to deal with it. I ultimately raised the money to distribute the film in theatres myself.

Of all the targets you hit, which are you most proud of pissing off?

(Laughs.) I don't know. I think that any time you can get somebody angry enough to change their business practices, it's a great thing. After *Super Size Me*, McDonald's changed a lot of the ways they did business, and a lot of people who went there changed the way they'd buy things. I'm still blown away by that.

What results would you like to see from *What Would Jesus Buy*?

Every day, I'm stopped on the street by people who saw *Super Size Me* and tell me how it changed the way that they eat. There was a guy in London who pulled out a picture of himself. (*Spurlock affects a Cockney accent.*) "Look, mate, that was me a year ago! I was huge. I was *huge*! Look what you done wif your movie! I lost ten stone!"

This guy lost a hundred pounds after he saw the film! So when the film comes out, I would like for people to stop and say, "It's not all this junk, all this stuff I'm buying that's going to make me happy." If they start looking at labels and see where stuff is made, and buy stuff that was made in America, if they start buying stuff at mom-and-pop shops around the corner, then we'll have done something. Just to make the consumer stop and think is an accomplishment.

When you walk through a store, everything is labeled "Made in China," "Made in India," "Made in Korea."

It's such an amazing thing. A woman who'd seen the movie, a Christian, said, "You know, I've never in my life thought about how I shop as a Christian." That's a really profound statement.

One of the people we interviewed for the film was a missionary who had been proselytizing about Christianity in China. She was

arrested, tortured, shocked in the mouth with a cattle prod and sentenced to prison. In prison, her job was to make Christmas lights. I can't think of anything more contradictory to that holiday than her story.

Super Size Me made you a high-visibility celebrity. Do you see the same thing happening to Reverend Billy?

I think Billy is an incredibly charismatic figure. He walks the walk and talks the talk. This isn't just all show with him. He uses this character to make us laugh and think, which is a fantastic ability. I hope the film is successful and leads to more great things for Billy. He's on a very noble quest. Billy—Bill Talen, the real guy—is a pretty neat person. He knows how far this character Reverend Billy can go.

Unlike *Super Size Me*, you stay behind the scenes in this movie.

For me, it's exciting. It gets new and important messages out there, from people with unique voices and vision. To see other people carry the torch is rewarding.

And there's less heavy lifting.

That's exactly right. A lot less heavy lifting!

30 Days is aired on the Fox media conglomerate's FX network. Considering Fox's incredibly reactionary and conservative reputation, how did that happen?

(Laughs.) That's what I said! I think maybe we're like Rupert Murdoch's conscience. "What do you mean I'm conservative? I've got this show on the air! See? Look! I've got 'Fair and Balanced' right there!" I'm just thankful he lets us make a show like that. I feel very lucky.

Do you get any flak from Fox higher-ups?

No, I think everybody loves the show. As long as people continue to watch, they'll keep putting it on the air.

What kind of diametric combinations can we look forward to?

We're doing season three right now, and we do a great episode about gun control. Somebody who's very antigun moves in with a pro-gun family in Ohio. I grew up in West Virginia, so I go back there to work in a coal mine for 30 days. Those guys are complete heroes to do that every day. I've been really blessed, man. That's why I try to get as much work as I can—because I don't know how long it's going to last!

Your next film is titled *Where in the World Is Osama bin Laden*? Can you tell us his whereabouts?

(Laughs.) I have to keep some secrets to myself, but you'll know in July when it opens! ■

slaves to the corporate masters who want us to consume."

After 9/11, Savitri came into my life and fashioned a stage show, and with that we could make a living going to universities. We moved beyond sidewalk preaching into traveling from city to city. We've even traveled to Europe with the choir, to Berlin, London, Barcelona. We just got back from Buenos Aires.

Are you an ordained minister?

Oh, I think it would be a mistake for Reverend Billy to be an ordained minister. My mentor is Reverend Sidney Lanier, an Episcopal priest. For decades now I've had a tutorial relationship with him. But Reverend Billy ought to be an outsider. That's the better platform for my work.

In your book, *What Should I Do If Reverend Billy Is in My Store?*, you refer to something like the Big Box Free Speechless Area. What exactly do you mean?

The Big Box stores [like Wal-Mart] will construct their fluorescent Big Box on the edge of town, and they'll reconstruct the Main Street they destroyed inside the new environment, like a diorama almost. They'll use the styles of the Main Street.

I go into the Big Boxes and say, "Okay, so you stole our commons." We shout and dance and sing and preach, which is what we do in our church. What rights do we retain after these corporate people move our whole town under their dome, into their Big Box? Some people call that "contested space," because in different states they have different laws about the extent to which these are new commons.

So you challenge the right of stores like Wal-Mart to regulate your activity on their premises?

SAVITRI: There's discretionary enforcement. In Albany, New York, someone bought an antiwar T-shirt, which was actually printed *inside* the mall. They were arrested by mall security for wearing a T-shirt. They had just had it made in that *same mall*!

How do traditional Christians respond to you?

REVEREND BILLY: A lot of progressive Christians embrace us, and we're seeing a surprising level of support from the Right, the more conservative Christians, because the values are so in sync with Christianity.

How do the police react to you?

We'll preach in front of a store, on a public sidewalk, but if you have a camera,

their first response is, "That was aimed in the direction of our logo. And we want that tape!"

Then you say, "No, you can't have it. I'm on public property, and I have the right to take a picture of the front of your store." Like Kurt Vonnegut said, our most serious disease is obedience.

Inside, it's a slightly different matter. We were exorcising the demons from a cash register in a Starbucks, and the police would enter. Savitri would say something like, "Honey, we've got to get out of here." That would slow down my arrest, because as soon as you evoke the institution of marriage, many police back off. That's because marriage is more powerful to them than the laws of their own. Their official "operating manual" is not as strong as Savitri saying to me, "Honey, look what you're doing." They say to themselves, "Omigod, that's an angry wife."

Do you feel that God is talking to you or through you?

The serious and the comic go hand in hand in our work. That comes down to us through Lenny Bruce and our heroes who were funny and serious at the same time.

I think Jesus was a funny guy. I think Lenny Bruce was too. I would like to quote from our Holy Writ. We think it's what Jesus recited in some way, shape or form often on the sides of hills.

(Reverend Billy and Savitri sing in unison.)
"Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridge the freedom of speech, or abridge the freedom of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and petition the government for redress of grievances, free speech, free press, free people..."

Although you're an evangelist, you are never seen soliciting money in *What Would Jesus Buy?* We thought that was the most miraculous aspect of the entire documentary.

Some sort of personal neuroses of mine. After you shout at people to "Stop your shopping, stop your shopping," it turns out it's very difficult to say, "But give me some money."

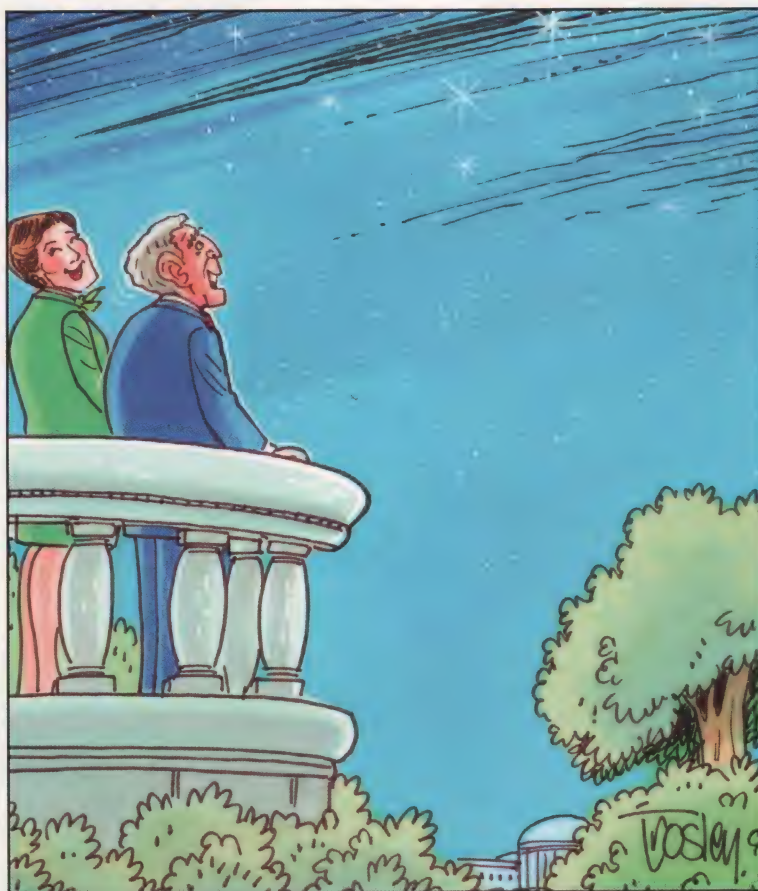
We're set up as a non-profit theater company, and we have to pay our musicians, and we have fundraising that we must do. I actually have difficulty doing it; that's a part of a televangelist schtick that I've not been able to adopt. Now, I have no problem doing it for other people, like Pacifica Radio or some union.

(In preacher's voice.) "I want you to reach down, children, in the bottoms of your pockets! Find that change so that we can make change in the world! Come on, bring your change out now!" But for ourselves....

For more about the Church of Stop Shopping, visit RevBilly.com and WWJBmovie.com.



"I don't grant wishes. I just turn kids gay."



"We've been so successful, it makes me wonder if there's lying, cheating, stealing and killing on other planets."

TO THE FINE PEOPLE OF BEACH HOUSE 4 PLAY

I am writing to you today to express my sincerest of appreciation. My recent extended stay at your facilities was nothing short of incredible; an experience I find difficult to put into words but will never forget. Reading about your resort in a favoured publication, I was instantly intrigued by the professionalism, accommodation and discretion with which you provide males of my calibre with enjoyable retreat and company from some of the finest women imaginable.

As a leading executive for one Canada's more reputable corporations, anonymity and discretion are of utmost importance to me. I am beyond impressed at the subtle efficiency Beach House 4 Play extols upon its clients.

However, with all honesty, my pleasure derives from something more than the ample activities (fishing and snorkelling were personal favourites), lavish meals and vista views of Costa Rica. No, my greatest gratification was indulging in the fine selection of women available and willing to explore and realize my deepest carnal desires. There's a stigma attached to exotic services that is entirely undeserving. Thanks to the elegance, grace and style of Beach House 4 Play and its fine employ of beauties, this was the best transaction someone of my professional echelon could expect.

Your models were nothing less than extraordinary. And while I was able to engage them in intelligent and personal conversation—a bona fide plus when looking for something more than a simplistic, quick

exchange—I was shocked at their happiness and readiness to become dates working together over the course of days towards camaraderie over impersonal interaction.



Even more enjoyable though, were the ways in which these absolutely stunning women were active, thoughtful and enticing in their ways of working me up to the point of exasperation...and exhaustion! My first encounter with Kathy was mind-numbing. Not only was she—pardon the expression—fucking hot, but her wily means kept me going intellectually and sexually for the duration of my stay. She worked me over with a caring and friendliness that felt more like exploring a new relationship than something more sordid and bourgeois.

Still, my mature tastes could not be satiated with one woman when faced with a banquet of female beauty. Taking time to "sample the local dishes," I revelled in getting to know the likes of two other of your models with quite similar ends to my personally sordid means. If Beach House 4 Play is a synonym for tasteful gluttony, thanks to the soft curves and endlessly randy intentions of Andrea and Tiffany, I am happily guilty as charged.



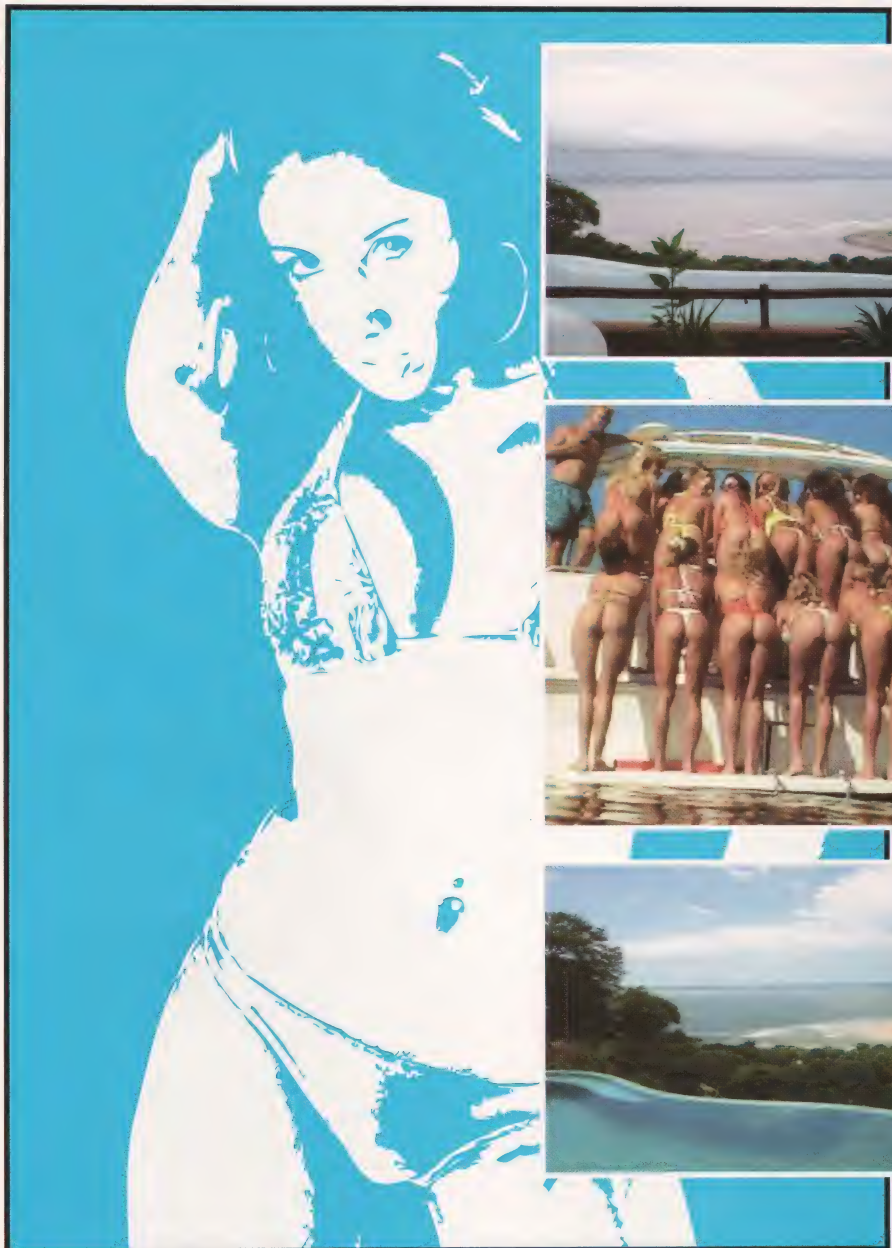


“my mature tastes could not be satiated with one woman when faced with a banquet of female beauty”

In all modesty, without divulging every aspect of my four-night stay at Beach House 4 Play, due to the foresight, attention to detail and understanding of a man's primal essence from both the staff and models of your haven, this vacation was time and money extraordinarily well spent. The most voluptuous of females not afraid to be themselves; to open up to me on every level and made me feel as though I were not only an equal but a man of incredible kismet.

You will see my many times in the future my friends.

Reserve your spot now 312-810-8823 USA
or by the web at www.beachhouse4play.com ■



FAYE REAGAN & AARON WILCOX



RI



SE & SHINE

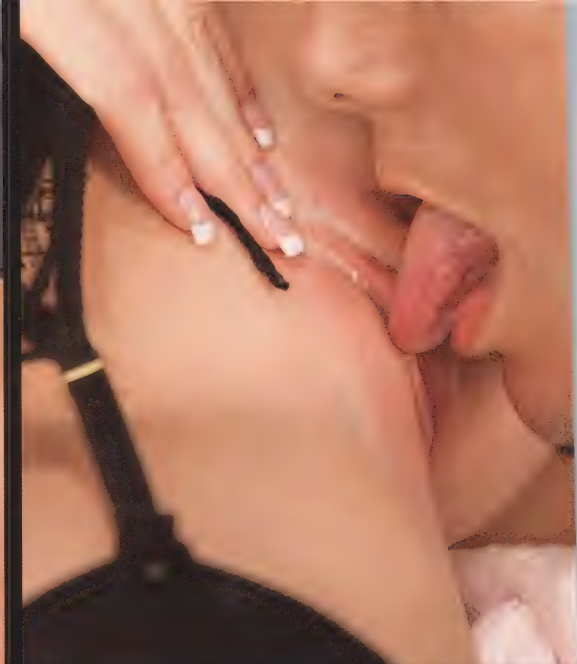
P H O T O G R A P H Y B Y T . R I F T E R





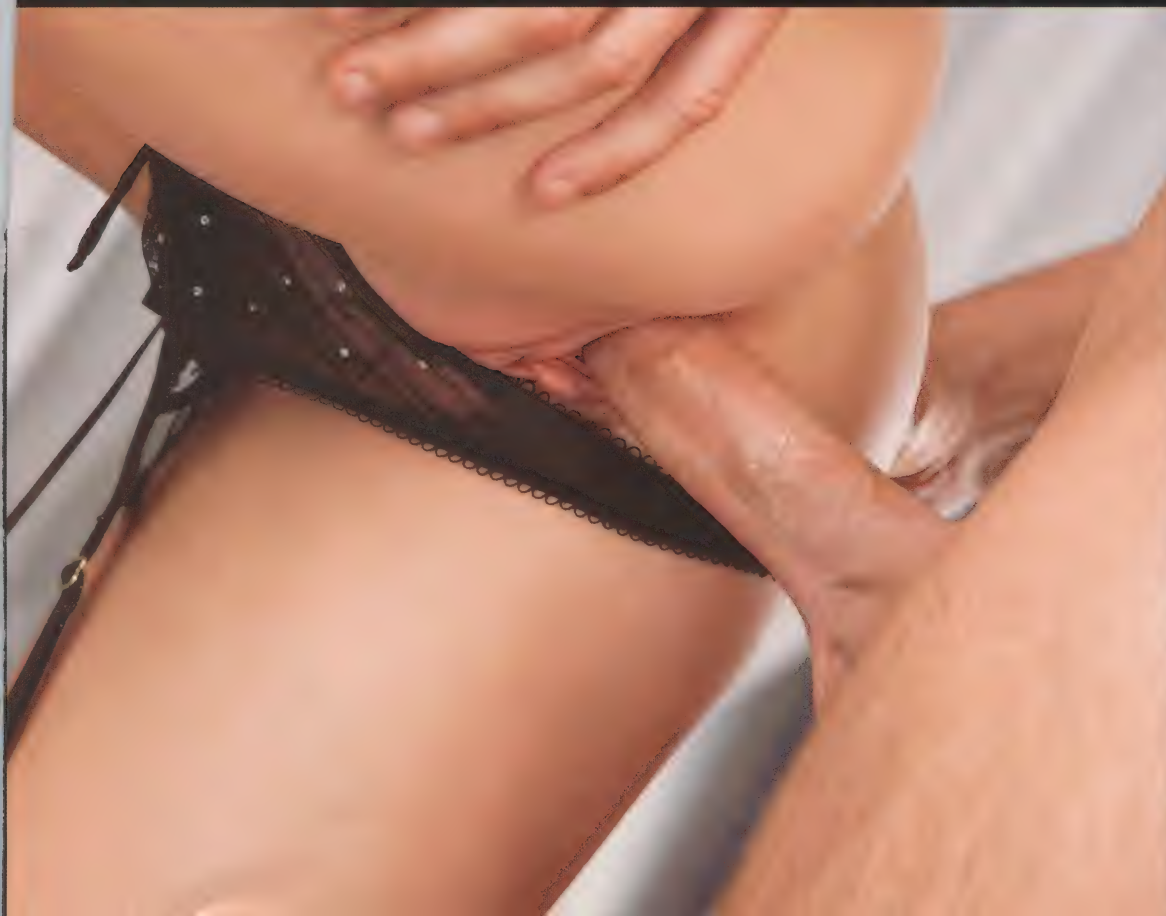
If you're a healthy guy, you wake up every morning with a mighty erection. Do you know why this happens? Do you know that this phenomenon has a name? Well, it does. Here are some interesting tidbits about morning wood:

★ Waking up with a fully engorged penis is a normal and healthy condition. Guys become hard for various reasons, including sexual arousal, excitement, reading **HUSTLER** and relaxation (like deep sleep). Men also pop a rod if the wind is blowing or just because they can.



★ The average male has several erections throughout the night, which is great if you have a wife or girlfriend who's a light sleeper. Not so great if you share a bed with your brother.





★ The term *morning wood* is said to have been coined by lumberjacks, whose a.m. arousal would cause them to delay their workdays. It is a known fact that the best time to cut down a tree is during the first few hours of the day. The truth is that lumber produced from early-morning timber is sturdier than the wood from trees felled later in the day.



★ A rock band named Morningwood is signed to Capitol Records. Its tunes include the hit "Nth Degree" and "Take Off Your Clothes." The outfit's lead singer is the bomb, and she may give you any-time-of-the-day wood.





★ Sure, all this is good to know, but the best use for morning wood is giving it hard and fast to a smoking-hot pleaser like **Faye Reagan**.





EAR

Whole

**Howard
Stern's
Favourite New
Funnyman**

EARTHQUAKE

Lotta Shakin' Goin' On!

COMEDIAN EARTHQUAKE IS SHAKING up showbiz. Now living in Los Angeles, the big guy rumbled up to HUSTLER headquarters to talk with *Bits & Pieces* Editor Keith Valcourt about fucking Condoleezza Rice (but not Scary Spice), hanging out at strip clubs and whether or not he's the next Eddie Murphy.

HUSTLER: Why did you name yourself after a natural disaster?

EARTHQUAKE: My real name is Nathaniel Stroman, and that just don't roll off the tongue. My mother named me Earthquake because she said my birth was a natural disaster. Any time a woman takes all the precautions and still gets pregnant—the guys wear a condom, she's on the Pill, plus a diaphragm and foam, and you still get knocked up—that's a natural disaster!

In the wake of Hurricane Katrina and the 2004 Indian Ocean tsunami, are you glad you kept the nickname Earthquake?

Yeah. The name is doing well for me.

How did you get into comedy?

I was in the military for 11 years, and my tour was up. I did not want to reenlist because the war had just broke out. So I had to find something else. I just started talking about my life. I didn't have an epiphany.

Who are your influences?

Eddie Murphy, for his consistency and longevity. He has been hitting since he was 17. He has so much respect for stand-up that he doesn't mess with it. I admire his decision-making, except for Scary Spice.

So you wouldn't fuck Scary Spice?

I ain't fucking Scary Spice! Fuck Scary Spice! Way *too* scary. When it comes to Scary, I'm like New Edition: "Count Me Out."

Do comedy groupies exist?

Hell, no! And if they do, then I haven't got my fair share, 'cause all the women I mess with are terrible. They have these unrealistic expectations of what their lifestyle should be. Just because you hang with Eddie Murphy don't mean you got Eddie Murphy's money. I tell them we can do anything Eddie Murphy does, but we can only do it for one day!

How do you find the right woman?

One word: outsourcing! Like any good corporation, I outsource my lovin'. Get me a woman that is overseas and affordable. I'm going to import one from Brazil or Mexico. All she wants is a good man in a house with running water and maybe a black-and-white TV. Those Third World women appreciate the American dream.

Do you spend a lot of time in strip clubs?

Yes! It's the best shopping in the world. You get to see the produce. What better thing is there than beautiful women dancing right in front of you while you're listening to your favourite music, sipping your favourite beverage—and all for a handful of crumpled-up singles?

Ever go for a strip joint's buffet?

I don't do that. I don't think that is cool, but if you do, at least you know what you're getting.

Who would you rather hang out with, quarterback Michael Vick (when he's not in the slammer) or Dog the Bounty Hunter?

Michael Vick. Yeah! Dog is off.

You mention Condoleezza Rice in your act. What do you think about our Secretary of State?

I love her work ethic, her dedication to a fucked-up cause. She doesn't bow down. She keeps the focus. She lied for her man Bush on national television, and I can't even get a girl to lie to my supervisor.

Would you fuck her?

Hell, yes! I would fuck Condoleezza! Fuck the shit out of her. I'd be all up in the White House, saying, "Hey, wuzzup, George? Condi, I'll be waiting outside." She's single too. That's a fine woman. I'll bet she's got a FICO score of at least 750.

Howard Stern recently called you his favourite new comedian.

He watched my HBO special and called me in. We've been cool ever since. I love him.

What's next?

I'm about to put out my best comedy album ever, called *Mic Check*. It's for every comedian who's out there saying they're a comedian. It's time for them to authenticate their work. You see a lot of guys living off the past. "Welcome to the 19th Comedy Heavyweight Champion of 1979." It's time for a lot of those guys to go back to the comedy DMV and renew their license.

Who is out there doing it that you respect?

Katt Williams, Don "DC" Curry and Chris Rock.

Do you hope to be the next Eddie Murphy?

I'm not even that hungry. I'm that dude on the couch. Some people want to dominate the world. Who wants to run this motherfucker? I just want market-rate appreciation for my talent. I don't understand how people get a hundred million dollars and still work. What the fuck you working for?! Give me that and I'd be on the couch with a hundred million, smoking a nice one and calling Condi on the phone.

GAME ON

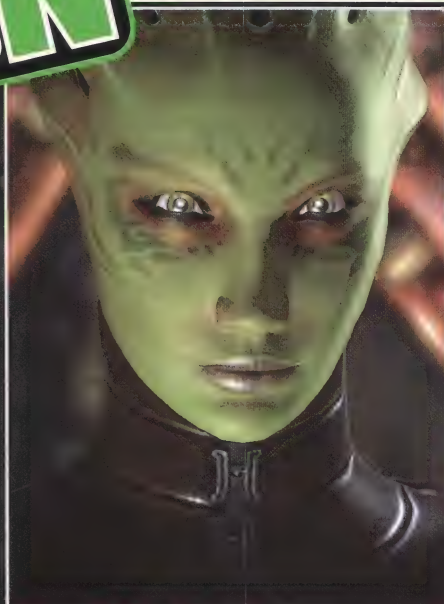
You Will Be Effectuated

Mass Effect

Manufacturer: BioWare/Microsoft Game Studios

Format: Xbox 360

The team that masterminded the *Star Wars*-inspired *Knights of the Old Republic* has now created one of the most cinematic games to come along in years. **Mass Effect**, a first-person sci-fi shoot-'em-up, will blow you away. You are the elite human Spectre agent Commander Shepard with one mission: Keep the universe safe. Along the way you will have to assemble a team and interact with a myriad of alien species. **Mass Effect**'s stunning graphics, lifelike digital characters and engaging storyline make you feel as if you are in an intergalactic adventure film even George Lucas would be proud of.



Shredding the Competition

Tony Hawk's Proving Ground

Manufacturer: Activision

Format: PS3, Wii & DS

Skateboard superstar Tony Hawk puts his stamp of approval on this truly awesome sporting game. Grab your board and hit the streets of America's biggest cities (including Baltimore, Philly and Washington, D.C.) with fully customized moves, tricks, terrains and skateboarders. You can also shift from single player

to online more seamlessly than ever. **Tony Hawk's Proving Ground** features amazingly detailed Nail the Trick moves, new gameplay mechanics and a full-feature video editor to create gnarly skateboarding videos.

It's a Scream!

Silent Hill Origins

Manufacturer: Konami

Format: PSP

Your PSP just got a whole lot creepier as the first **Silent Hill** game for the handheld platform stays true to the original fright-filled adventure. You are once again trucker Travis Grady, trapped in a mysterious town and faced with escaping its horrific residents. Then there is the little problem of the strange hallucinations that have plagued you since childhood. With fast action and gory graphics, **Silent Hill Origins** is sure to set the new standard in handheld gaming terror.



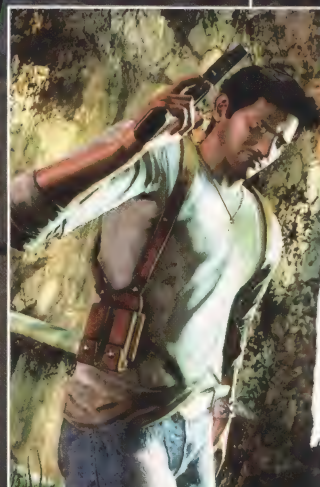
Off the Charts

Uncharted: Drake's Fortune

Manufacturer: Sony

Format: PS3

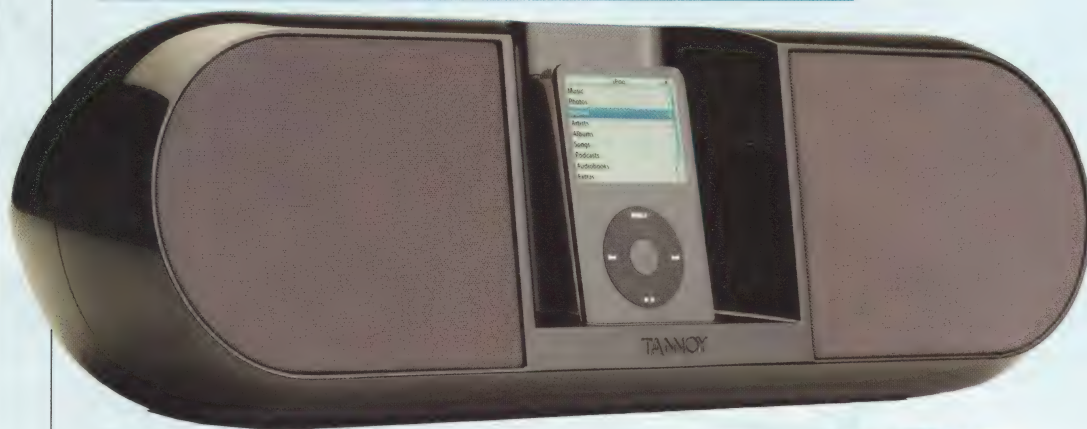
Part *Indiana Jones*, part *Tomb Raider*, all fun and completely immersive, this game has you running around a South Pacific island in search of hidden treasures. That would seem easy enough except there are puzzles to be solved and bad guys shooting at you the whole time. Fame and fortune await you.



TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT



▲ SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

For more than 60 years, Tannoy has been making high-quality speakers for satisfied customers around the world. Its units can be found in countless recording studios, every Hard Rock Café and Las Vegas's Bellagio hotel. Now the British company has launched the ultimate speaker system for the iPod: the sleek, high-performance **i30**. Compatible with any iPod player, it not only provides superior sound but also features an auxiliary 3.5mm jack, so you can use it with a myriad of other devices, including TVs, computers and CD players.

Available at **Tannoy.com**. Suggested retail price: \$399.99.



▶ RAD HEAD

Originally designed for skaters, boarders and DJs, **Skull Candy G.I. Core Headphones** are the niftiest thing your head has ever experienced. Not only do they look cool (check out the bullets), but they also deliver awesome sound. The supercomfortable ear pads are made of extra-soft leather, and the unit has an in-line volume control and home stereo adapter. That way you can use them on the go with your MP3 player or on your TV, computer or CD player while just chilling in your crib. Especially worth noting is that all of Skull Candy's headphones come with a lifetime replacement guarantee, no matter what sort of crazy-ass shit you do.

Available at **SkullCandy.com**. Suggested retail price: \$69.95.

▼ HURRAY FOR HUMANOIDS!

Sure, this robot is less than seven inches tall, but don't let its diminutive stature fool you. The **iSobot** from Tomy is powerful and the coolest fully articulated technical plaything to come along in years. Featuring 17 custom servo motors, 19 integrated circuit chips, a built-in gyro sensor, two LEDs and voice-command recognition, this little wonder can speak and perform hundreds of words and actions. Now if we could just program our **iSobot** to get us a beer.

Available at **Robots-Dreams.com**. Suggested retail price: \$299.



▲ HORSING AROUND

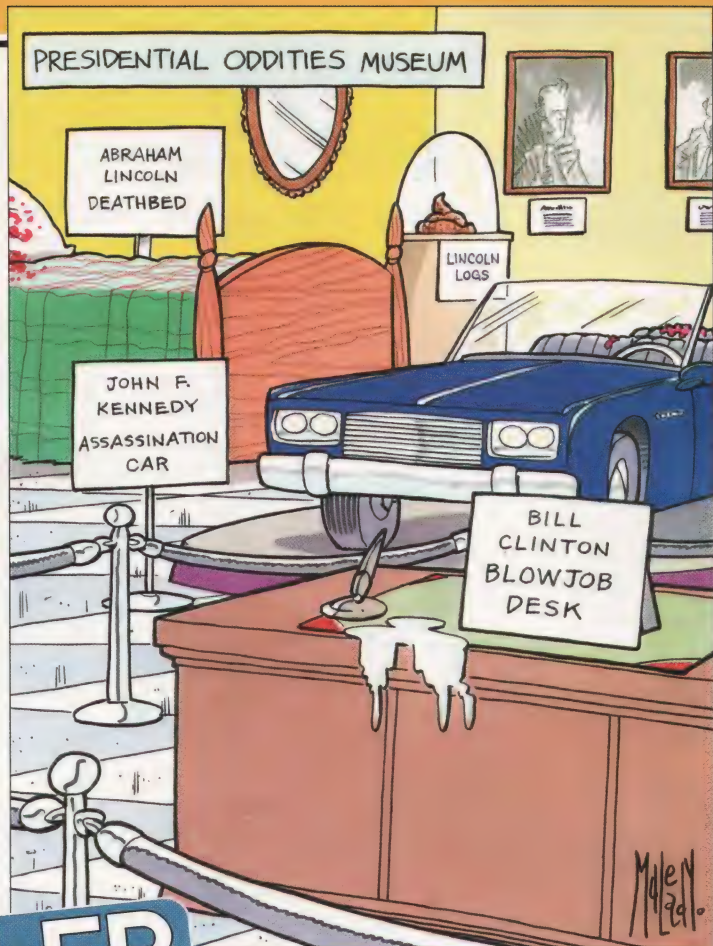
If you dig the exhilarating world of horse racing—the handicapping, betting, anticipation and the thrill of seeing your horse finish first—you're most likely a regular at the track. But if you'd like a miniature plastic version of that dynamic experience to be enjoyed in the comfort of your own home, check out **Horse Racing Extravaganza**. This cool, battery-operated tabletop game has random results every time. Just pick your nag, place your wager and go crazy. Besides offering hours of fun, **Horse Racing Extravaganza** is a great way to teach your kids or dumb girlfriend about gambling before you drag them to the track or local betting parlour.

Available at **Firebox.com**. Suggested retail price: \$49.95.





"At birth we struggle so hard to get out of the vagina, then we spend the rest of our lives trying to get into one."



HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Walter, I'm leaving for my church now!"



"I ask you, is that great colour or what?!"

BLUE-MOVIE ★★★★★ SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Triple swirlie: Pixie Pearl and Kimberly Kane go end-to-end.

Otto & Audrey give dirty blond Kimberly a dose of Ecstasy.

Triple Ecstasy

VIVID-ALT. DIRECTOR: KIMBERLY KANE. **STARRING:** KIMBERLY KANE, AUDREY HOLLANDER, CHARLOTTE STOKELY, PIXIE PEARL, PRINCESS DONNA, LYSTRA, MR. MARCUS, OTTO BAUER & ALEC KNIGHT.

i Vivid-Alt's latest attempt to keep the ADD generation interested is a triple-disc set stocked with sharp design and gonzo spirit. Lanky "it girl" Kimberly Kane grabbed the director's crop for this slice of art-school cool, showing off her keen eye for sexy brats and the fake squalor they inhabit. The alt genre can easily slip into lazy posing, but Kane takes the porn part seriously, inviting XXXtreme couple Audrey Hollander and Otto Bauer in for the standouts: a double-ended dildo duo with herself and Audrey, and an all-out anal fuckfest for the finale. Alt directors Winky-tiki and Joe Gallant pitch in with strong camerawork and production design. The contrast-rich intensity of the interracial scene with Mr. Marcus and near-albino cutie Charlotte Stokely is particularly striking. Designer Alaska's nifty packaging includes a disc of "More Shit," with trailers and some above-average BTS, plus a soundtrack CD featuring pop punk groups like Nova Express and Chemical People—not to mention some great art-rock insanity from Gallant. *Triple Ecstasy* may be too fevered for some strokers, but tweaking hipsters will covet it as a necessary relic of today's L.A. sleaze scene. —M.J.

ALT VS. PUNK!

Think alt-porn is lame? Check out our behind-the-scenes look at Jim Powers and Rob Rotten's new punk-porn epic on page 47.

Daisy Marie redefines *Foreplay*.



Foreplay's Audrey Bitoni helps Lanny Barby get tuned.



Lanny Barby scores another hit.

Foreplay

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. **DIRECTOR:** O. BRIAN. **STARRING:** LANNY BARBY, AUDREY BITONI, DAISY MARIE, PRESLEY MADDOX, CHRIS CANNON, NICK MANNING, SASCHA, JAMES DEEN & EVAN STONE.

Don't be fooled by the box cover. This flick doesn't waste too much time on foreplay or its flimsy rock-star premise. What it does do is give you all the Lanny Barby you could want. The French-Canadian bombshell is still one of the most gorgeous women in porn, and her scene with Audrey Bitoni is a nutbusting battle of the bubble tits. As if that weren't enough, phenomenally cute Daisy Marie saunters in for a jaunt with James Deen, who looks at her like he'd just won the Latina lottery. (Who can blame him?) While it doesn't chart any new territory, *Foreplay* delivers solid fuck scenes with the best-looking brunettes around. As they say in Montreal, Vive Lanny!

—M.J.



Sasha Grey gets *Broken*.

Audrey Bitoni tries to save *Broken*.

Lexani Banks lends lip service to *Black Reign*.

BR12's Misti Love meets Lex the impaler.

Broken

TERAVISION/VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. **DIRECTOR:** DAVE NAVARRO. **STARRING:** SASHA GREY, JENNA HAZE, VICTORIA SIN, LISA DANIEL, KAYLA PAIGE, AUDREY BITONI, TOMMY GUNN, MARK DAVIS, SPYDER JONEZ & MARCO BANDERAS.

 If you ever wondered what goes on inside the head of rock poser and porn star fucker Dave Navarro, this flick might be it—and it ain't pretty. His morose directorial debut opens with the sounds of a sobbing girl, who turns out to be an uglier-up Sasha Grey crumpled in a corner masturbating. Eventually she gets up and stumbles into loveless sex here and there. That doesn't seem to cheer her up either. The waif's downward spiral finally takes her to a porn set, where a bunch of people are fucking while Navarro wanders around with his shirt off, apparently letting his movie direct itself. There might be some value to exposing the despair that's often at the heart of anonymous sex, but *Broken* never goes deeper than a bad attitude. Not even the closing scene with hottie Audrey Bitoni can liven up this lame affair. So if you like whacking off to a mediocre music video in which everybody thinks it's cool to make sex look like a chore, look no further. When Teravision titled this turkey *Broken*, they weren't kidding.

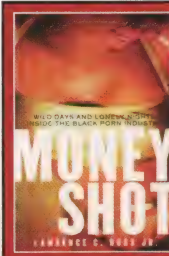
—M.J.

Black Reign #12

MERCENARY PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** LEXINGTON STEELE. **STARRING:** MISTI LOVE, DONNA RED, LEILANI LEI, LEXANI BANKS, MYA G & LEXINGTON STEELE.

 The latest installment of porn-trepreneur Lexington Steele's flagship line sticks with his tried-and-true formula: Bring in a roster of chocolate honeys and impale them on his 14-inch pole. The standout beauties are bosomy Misti Love and leggy Lexani Banks, both of whom obviously enjoy taking the Steele rod balls-deep. The only drawback about watching *Black Reign* is that you'll curse God for not blessing you with a dick like that guy's. But, hey, that's why he's fucking these gals, and you're not.

—M.J.



For an inside look at Lexington Steele and his Mercenary Pictures, check out Lawrence C. Ross Jr.'s *Money Shot: Wild Days and Lonely Nights Inside the Black Porn Industry*. Sure, Ross gets preachy at times about the racism and sexism plaguing the jizz biz, but his new book is full of great firsthand tales from sisters who can't say no to the fast cash, and brothers who offer some straight talk on what it means to "execute" every time.



Get That Black Pussy! Candace Nicole (above) and Misty Stone love a good black-and-white movie.



Get That Black Pussy You Big Dick White Bastard Mutha Fucka!!!

POWERSVILLE. **DIRECTOR:** JIM POWERS. **STARRING:** MARIE LUV, MISTY STONE, CANDACE NICOLE, KACY SPARTAN, LEE STONE, BUSTER GOOD, RICK MASTERS, ERIC SWISS & JOHNNY THRUST.

 Rip-roaring black beauty Marie Luv blurts out that chunky title in the middle of a scorching sex scene, and it pretty much sums up the picture. The always-reliable Jim Powers brings his usual fun-loving gusto to the booming interracial genre. The result is a corny tale of white-boy sex slaves at the mercy of a colony of hot chocolate strippers. For starters, lanky dreamgirl Misty Stone stops her car to give a couple of stranded white mooks a ride, then invites them into her lair to gawk at cuddly-cute pole dancer Candace Nicole before roping them into sex service. From scene to scene, the dark berries offer plenty of sweet juice, with sultry newcomer Kacy Spartan showing real porn promise, and Marie Luv capping off the lineup like a young lady who knows that the meaning of life is something that touches you deep, deep inside. Or, in her words, "Oh, shit! Put that white cock in all my black holes!" —**M.J.**



Sleaze trip: Sasha Grey and Lexi Bardot ply *The Skin Trade*.



Is *Skin Trade*'s Laurie Vargas auditioning for *That 70s Show*?

The Skin Trade

BAD SEED/ADAM & EVE PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** JOE GALLANT. **STARRING:** SASHA GREY, KELLY WELLS, LEXI BARDOT, NATASHA STONE, LAURIE VARGAS, RACHEL LUV, BRIAN SUREWOOD, DINO BRAVO & JOE ROCK.

 Here's a tawdry tale that wouldn't be out of place at a '70s drive-in, except that it has more cock-filled vaginas and semen-slicked faces than you would have seen back then. Wayward teens Kelly Wells and Sasha Grey show up on Hollywood Boulevard looking to make it big in the movies only to end up in the clutches of predatory "art film" hacks. Director Gallant's fondness for the golden age of exploitation is evident throughout *The Skin Trade*. His movie is a greasy trip through the tenderloin, even if it often lacks the charm of old grindhouse. One pleasant note of authenticity is definitely worth a gander: Latina lovely Laurie Vargas's burgeoning bush. Hey, kids, that's why we used to call it hair pie! —**M.J.**

NEVER MIND ALT-PORN THIS IS PUNK!

Jim Powers and Rob Rotten regroup for *Little Runaway* #2.



Fuck this generation!
Daisy Tanks meets
Rob Rotten.



HOLED UP AT A PORN VALLEY warehouse, two of XXX's most notorious bad-asses are gearing up to shoot. Dozens of ratty delinquents with leather jackets and cheap tattoos are guzzling free booze and handing their IDs to the casting guy. The mood is already rowdy, but a couple of hours later it's mayhem. With hardcore music thrashing through the speakers, porn stud Drehdon pounds a spiky-haired Heather Gables in the ass as the extras crowd around, slamdancing, spewing beer and cheering on the live sex show.

In 2002, recent AVN Director of the Year Jim Powers unreeled *Little Runaway*, a penetrating takeoff on the movie *SubUrbia*. With Rachel Rotten in the title role, the legendary movie predated the alt-porn wave that hit a few years later. Now, irked that the alt camp claims to be the only thing rivaling mainstream smut, Powers and pal Rob Rotten have decided the time is ripe for a raunchy sequel.

At the warehouse, Powers is in his element, deftly handling the camera, barking orders and making up dialogue on the spot. "Stay low," he tells Drehdon, "so I don't get too much of your balls slapping." Powers crawls around to the other side of a dingy mattress that's been tossed on the cement floor and reframes the shot. "I need more light on her ass!"

Meanwhile, one of the frenzied extras is whipping out his (continued on page 49)



Jim Powers gets the shot!

The droogs give Scarlett Pain and her punks a taste of the old ultraviolence.





Buttwoman Brianna Love wraps her meaty ass around her new title.



Top to bottom: Carmella Bing, Sunny Lane and Jada Fire give **Buttwoman** a boost.



Brianna Love Is Buttwoman

ELEGANT ANGEL. **DIRECTORS:** WILLIAM H. & SAM NO. **STARRING:** BRIANNA LOVE, SUNNY LANE, CARMELLA BING, JADA FIRE, LEE STONE, BILLY GLIDE, DICK NASTY, KYLE STONE, BUSTER GOOD, ANDREW RIVERA, DWAYNE CUMMINZ, ARNOLD SCHWARZENPECKER, MR. PETE & L.T.

If this were the Renaissance, Brianna Love's ass would be immortalized in poems and paintings. Lucky for you, it's 2008, so you get to see that white bubble butt slapped, pile-driven, creamed and squirted on. As the new Buttwoman, Brianna has some big panties to fill (previous titleholders were Belladonna and Tiffany Mynx), but her inaugural outing doesn't disappoint—mostly because of the top-notch supporting cast. After ten minutes of clumsy ass-jiggling, pixie Sunny Lane brings her corn-fed cuteness to the pussy-eating party. When a dude shows up, it's hard not to hope he spends more time banging Sunny than the star. (Sorry, Brianna, but the sweatier girl at the end of the scene wins.) Squirtwoman Jada drops in to school Brianna in the art of the gush—telling the slut not to diet if she wants to keep that ass of hers—before drenching Buttwoman's tush and face as L.T. glazes her puss. Talk about fighting fire with Fire! Saucy Carmella steals the next scene with her humongous rack. *Bada-bing!* In the finale, Buttwoman finally gets her poop chute corked, then runs her cum-slicked keister down the road like a nature girl on acid. Although at times it seems more like an audition tape than the breakout flick it was meant to be, *Brianna Love Is Buttwoman* clocks in at over three hours. That's called getting your money's worth. Plus, disc 2 boasts some great footage from the *Buttwoman* archives. All in all, a well-padded package.

—M.J.



ALT VS. PUNK

(continued from page 47)



Party hard: Heather Gables meets suburbia.



Fuck 'em all: Desire Moore comes aboard *Runaway #2's* bukkake bus.



dick to get a piece of Heather. The doll reacts quickly, slapping the cock out of her face. In porn, only hired-and-tested performers are allowed to fuck. Drehdon pulls out as Powers restores order.

"Can he put it back in my ass?" Heather pleads, sparking a chorus of hoots and hollers. "Hey, I like it in my ass. Okay?"

It's standard smutpeak, but the starlet makes it sound uncommonly sincere. Codirector Rotten shuts down the wannabe banger, and Powers reads the riot act: "Nobody attack the girl!" The music kicks back in; general chaos resumes.

This controlled anarchy is just a foretaste of the insanity Powers fans are bound to eat up. Borrowing from one of his fave cinema classics, *A Clockwork Orange*, the *Runaway* sequel revolves around rival gangs of skinheads and "droogs" in a bitter rumble over some prime pussy. Another powerhouse scene: Desire Moore finds herself on a "bukkake bus" with dozens of horny hooligans. By the time the road trip ends at a punk concert in San Francisco, every nut has been busted, and the poor slut is reeling from a semen overdose.

"This is an epic!" proclaims Powers, who never fails to go the extra filthy mile.

"This is the movie that will drive a spike into the heart of that bullshit alt porn. This is PUNK!"

—M.J.



HUSTLER XXX EXTREME

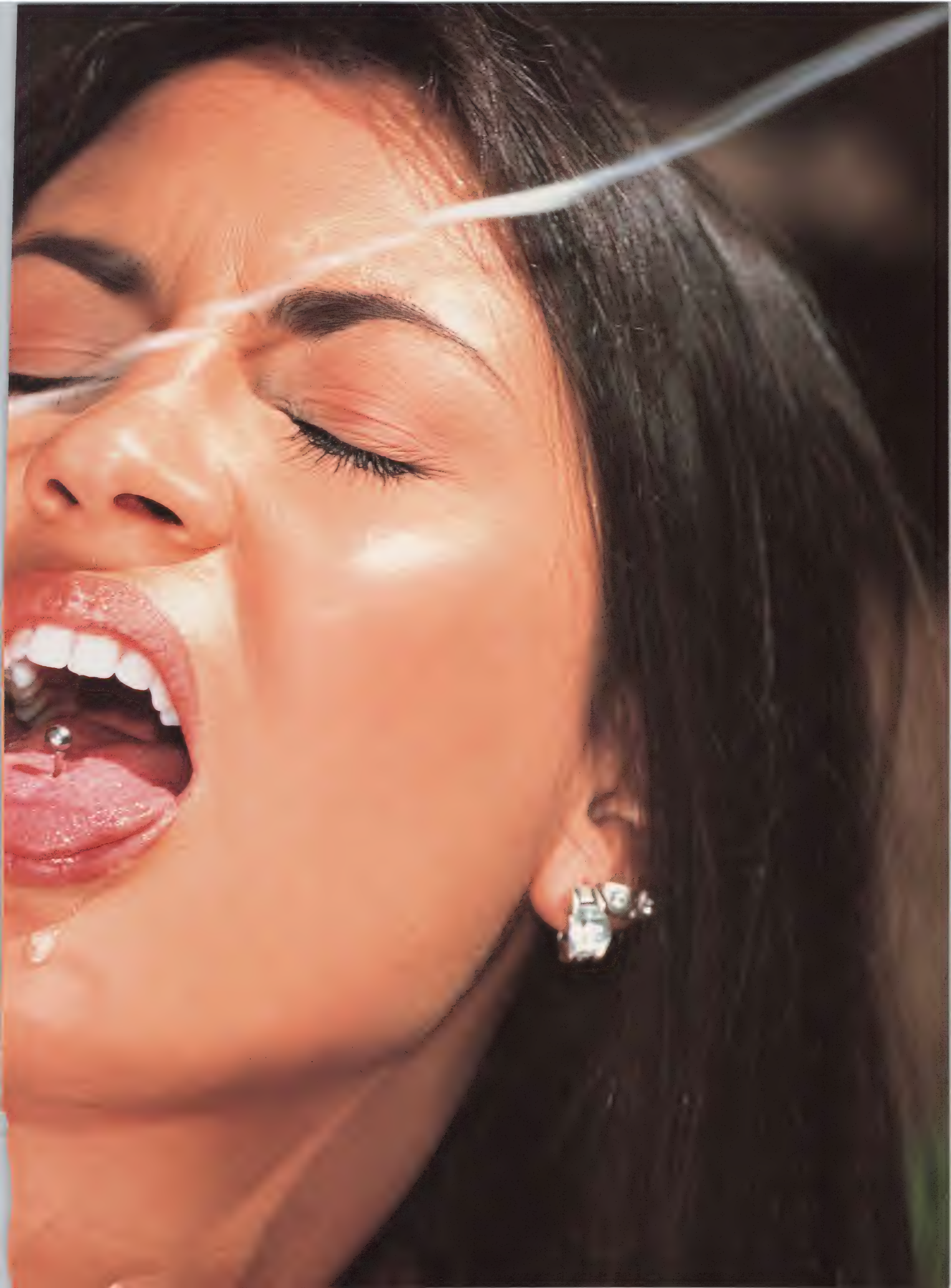
















COUNTRY FR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR HICKSPHOTO





ESH

TORI BLACK



At the tender age of 18, tight and tempting **Tori Black** is already making her mark. "I always wanted to do porn," the perky newcomer admits. "Ever since I started having sex, I thought I could make a living at it. All the guys who've had me say I'm a natural. The only problem was I'm kinda shy outside the bedroom, and I had my doubts that it would ever happen."

But it has! "I flew to Los Angeles and looked up my cousin," **Tori** recalls. "She suggested that I look for work as an extra. I did that for a while, but it only paid about 50 bucks a day. I knew my time was worth more than that, and living in L.A. is expensive. Luckily, I met this grip on a mainstream film set, and he told me how much cash I could make in porn and that he would set it up. I jumped at the chance, and now I've done a half-dozen films so far."









To say the least, **Tori** has gone from shy outside the bedroom to totally cocksure! "I think I can be the biggest thing that the adult world has ever seen," the statuesque looker proclaims. "No disrespect to Jenna. She's an icon, but she's going to retire soon. I'm young, eager and hungry. I think with the right people behind me, I can really make it big. I'm ready to do whatever sucking and fucking it takes to become the most famous porn star ever!"





TORI'S VITAL FACTS

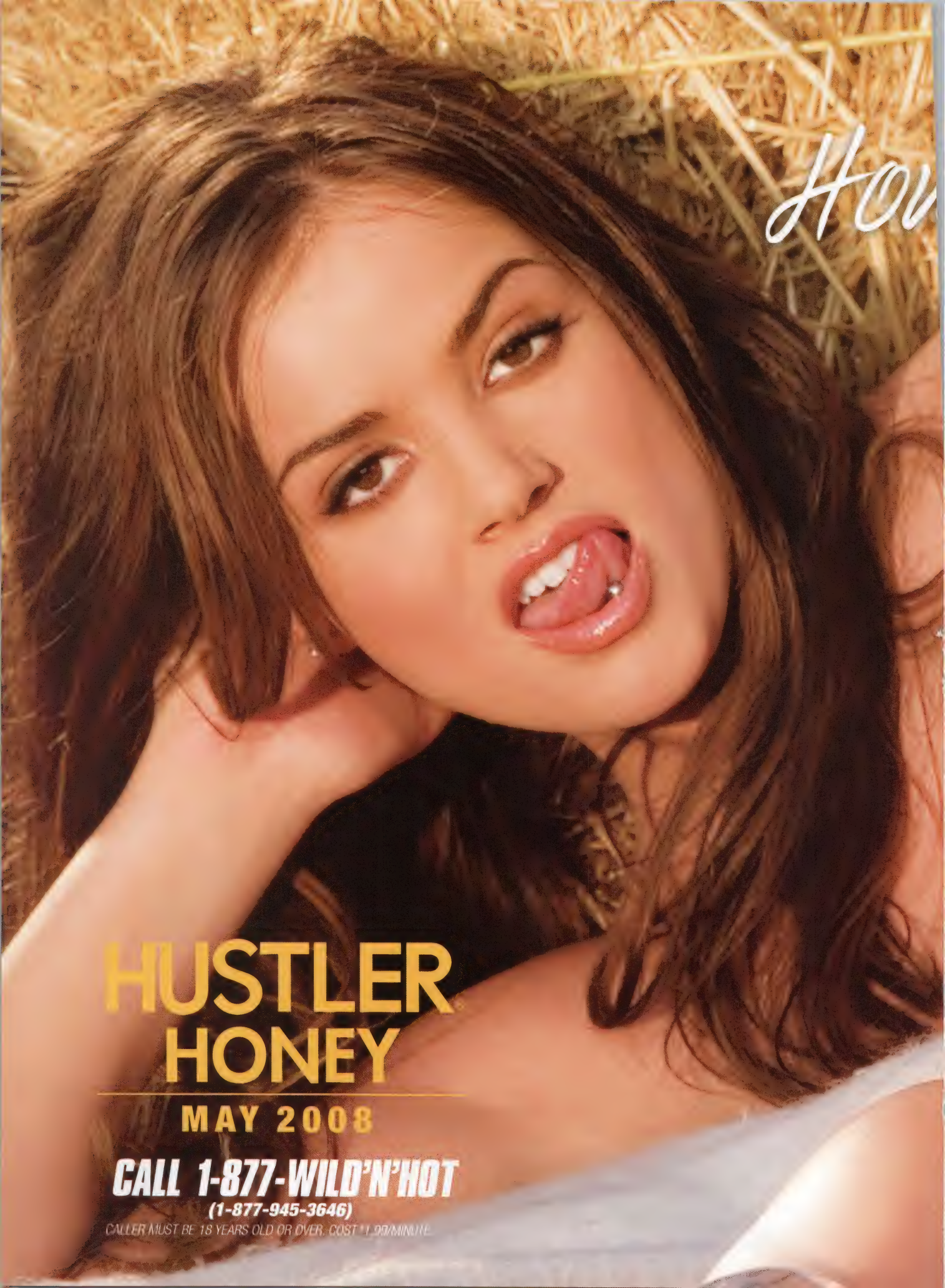
HOMETOWN: Bainbridge Island, Washington

AGE: 18

BIRTH SIGN: Virgo

HEIGHT: 5-9





How

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MAY 2008

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*About a Roll
in the Hay?*



A sexy housewife stepped out of the shower. Just as her husband started taking one himself, the doorbell rang. The babe quickly grabbed a robe and ran downstairs. Waiting on the porch was Zack, her man's best friend. "Bobbi, I'll give you 800 bucks to take off that there robe," he said matter-of-factly.

After mulling it a bit, Bobbi shucked the robe and stood gloriously naked for the leering guy. A minute or so later, Zack handed over \$800 and took off. Bobbi wiggled back into her robe and headed upstairs.

"Who was that?" her husband asked.

"Your pal Zack," Bobbi chirped.

"Great!" hubby exclaimed. "Did he say anything about that \$800 he owes me?"

Q. Why did God give women foreheads?

A. So you'll have something to kiss after they suck your dick.

A man whose penis had turned orange went to the emergency room. "That's amazing," the doctor remarked. "Do you work with any dyes or chemicals?"

"No," the patient replied. "I don't work. I've been unemployed for months."

"So what do you do?" the doc asked.

"Well, mostly I sit on the sofa," the guy with the orange pecker responded, "watching porn and eating Cheetos."

Q. Why do Kentucky cheerleaders wear bibs?

A. To keep the tobacco juice off their uniforms.

Vinnie was working his part-time job at the county morgue when the body of a hot chick was brought in. The coroner told Vinnie to remove her clothes and get everything ready for an autopsy. Ten minutes later, Vinnie wheeled the dead babe into the cutting room and announced, "She's ready for you, Doc. And by the way, I thought you should know there's a shrimp stuck in her pussy."

"What do you mean, a shrimp in her pussy?!" the coroner growled.

Vinnie pointed between the sexy stiff's legs and said, "See, Doc? Right there's a shrimp in her pussy."

The coroner took a closer look, then turned to Vinnie and snapped, "That's no shrimp, you idiot! That's her clitoris."

"Yeah?!" Vinnie exclaimed in amazement. "Well, it sure did taste like shrimp!"

During spring break a frat rat climbed into the back of a taxi and asked the driver, "Do you have enough room up there

for a pizza and a six-pack of beer?"

"Sure," the cabbie muttered as his fare leaned forward and threw up.

Q. How many animals can you get into a pair of pantyhose?

A. Ten little piggies, two calves, one ass, millions of hares and a fat beaver!

While attending her husband's 25th high school reunion, Mrs. Lake noticed Mr. Lake staring at a fortyish blonde swigging champagne at the next table. "Do you know that woman?" Mrs. Lake asked. "She's drunk as a skunk."

"Yes," Mr. Lake sighed. "She was my girlfriend all through high school. I understand Molly took to drinking right after we split up just before the senior prom. From what I hear, she hasn't been sober since."

"My God!" marveled Mrs. Lake. "Who would think a person could go on celebrating that long?!"

GRAFFI^{TY}



When my girl is
on the rag,
Going down there
makes me gag.
So instead of
going south,
I shove my pecker
in her mouth!

Thanks and \$50 go to Robert C.

HUSTLER Humour jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to **HUSTLER Canada**, Northland Media Inc., 3495, Cambie Street, suite 524, Vancouver, BC, Canada V5Z 4R3 or e-mail us at: info@hustlercanada.com.





xoxo,
Tori Black





CURT KIRKWOOD



CRIS KIRKWOOD

Meat Puppets

SO WE MEAT AGAIN

FOR YEARS, MUSICAL ANTIHEROES MEAT PUPPETS—brothers Curt and Cris Kirkwood and drummer Derrick Bostrom—delivered critically acclaimed albums of psychedelic folk-punk rock. Fans included Nirvana. In the late 1990s, Cris ended up lost in a haze of death, drugs and prison time, while Bostrom quit, leaving Curt to go it alone. With a new lineup he went on to score the group's biggest hit, "Backwater."

Flash forward to 2007, and the brothers Kirkwood are back together (with Cris clean and sober) and on the road to promote their latest CD, *Rise to Your Knees*. On a tour stop in Los Angeles they dropped by our offices to sit with Music Editor Keith Valcourt (and a large stack of HUSTLER back issues) and catch up on things.

CRIS KIRKWOOD: I'm going to sit down here and look at some vagina.

CURT KIRKWOOD: I dreamed about these last night, I think.

HUSTLER: You dreamed about vaginas or our magazine?

CURT: Dildos *in* vaginas. I forgot about dildos! Holy cow! They look great up a vagina! (Laughs.)

How did you guys finally hook up again?

CURT: I decided I wanted to make an electric rock record last year, and Cris was in the mood to do it and get going again after ten years of chasing Reverend Falwell's coattails with a heroin problem and a prison stint. [Editor's Note: Jerry Falwell died the day of this interview.]

You were locked up at one point?

CRIS: I didn't do jail time at *one* point. I did jail time at several, maybe 14, points.

What was your rock-bottom moment?

CRIS: I had a lot of them. It was a rock-bottom moment for ten years. Some really awful shit happened. My wife passed away. I got shot, you know, gunned down by a fucking pig in the back. Ultimately, the jail time ended up doing me good, you know? I had enough time to process my own issues and addictions.

Curt, how hard was it for you to keep the band going once your brother left?

CURT: It was a totally different thing. It was a different band altogether. Not only was Cris out, but so was our original drummer, Derrick. The three of us were together for around 16 years, and I hadn't played in any other bands. It was difficult, but in some ways it was kind of cool because I got to have those experiences.

Was it odd for you to have a hit with "Backwater"?

CURT: It's all kind of the same. Having a hit means having more sunshine blown up your rump. (Laughs.) That and some better money. People have always been nice to us and liked us. Some people.

It's an unconditional thing with musicians. People don't take you home or nothing, but they always like you. With a hit it was more people doing that. After the hit we didn't really last much longer really.

Kurt Cobain and the rest of Nirvana were huge Meat Puppets fans and always cited you guys as influences. Were you ever envious of their success?

CURT: No, because money is not worth being jealous over. It's not worth wanting really that much. It will come if you are supposed to have it. It's completely shallow and hollow and all the things they say



about it. Ultimately, the thing about jealousy that always saves me is that I wouldn't want to be anybody else. No matter what they are getting, I realize I would have to be in their miserable body, which I wouldn't want to do. I'm used to myself, miserable enough, but to put yourself in somebody else's shoes, that, to me, no matter what perks they are getting, is totally alien.

Tell us about the Nirvana Unplugged gig.

CURT: They were really fun guys to play with. They weren't too professional. We practiced for like a week, and they didn't get all that uptight about it. Kurt was on drugs, so he was pretty casual, really. It was terrific because he didn't say too much. He would come back and practice, and then there was all this hype going on around at the show. The band Nirvana and us and some other guys were really kind of getting what a joke it was. There was an irony to having a band like the Meat Puppets and Nirvana being given that much attention that [it] was ridiculous.

A lot of artists are really serious about their business, but I don't really think that the guys in Nirvana gave a crap about the money and success. The thing that they did care about was when it came down to playing the songs. They played those songs straight through and didn't do any of them over. That's the set right there, what you saw, unplugged.

It's like when you're playing a party as a teenager and wonder if you're going to be able to do it because you're so stoned. Everybody is like nervous, and it all goes over just fine. You play your party. It was like that. *Oh, the morons pulled it off!*

Do you have any great groupie stories to share?

Yeah, sure. I was raped by Alec Baldwin. [Editor's Note: Curt is referring to a *Bits & Pieces* item about Deseree Bradford, who claimed to have had a sexual liaison with actor Alec Baldwin during which she purportedly fucked him in the ass with a purple dildo.]

Did he fuck you in the ass?

CURT: With a big purple dildo that he said was owned by some psychopath. He

said it was a hand-me-down dildo that had been in the family for a long time. He said it was his granddad's dildo, and it meant a lot to him.

So it was probably carved out of wood, having been handed down from generation to generation.

CURT: It was a heavy oak dildo.

Any great groupie stories involving girls?

CURT: Yeah. I've been in a band since I was in my mid-teens, and all it is really about for a lot of the girls is stalking dudes. They'll do anything. They are completely evil, you know? There is nothing innocent about them, and they will do anything to get their way. Make something up, and it's true.

You wanna hear some crazy shit? It all happens. You can step off the stage and get your dick sucked right there behind the curtain. The thing that is weird is that mostly the roadies fuck groupies because the guys in the band are getting bombarded left and right. I can't go screw around because everybody is watching me. The roadies—

CRIS: Details. We're driving down the fucking freeway in the South one time. I go to the back of our fucking RV, and there's our roadie who, for conjecture's sake, we'll call "Jeff."

CURT: He could spray in like five seconds too, and he had a big old dick.

CRIS: Big old fucking wiener, and he is lying back there on the bunk, whacking it. Hard! He's kind of contorted, looking out the window and drooling. I'm like "What the fuck, dude?!" Which wasn't that uncommon of a sight, though, because the guy was very wienie-oriented.

CURT: Jeff would see chicks pull up next to us, and he would spray onto the window.

CRIS: I look at him, and he's got a little sign that says "Tits?" I go, "What the fuck?!" He's holding it out the window. I look, we're going 75 miles an hour on the freeway, and there's this car next to us, and these girls are flashing their tits. Jeff's like *whack! whack!* Then he takes the sign and scribbles out "Tits" and writes "Bush?" and then finally "Pull over?" So we pull off into (continued on page 76)

The Dirty Dozen

NEW CDS YOU NEED TO HEAR.

THE HORRORPOPS

Kiss Kiss Kill Kill



An infectiously catchy dose of gothic new wave-tinged rockabilly awaits you on the Horrorpops' latest CD. Those unfamiliar with Patricia Day's band need to check out this supercool chick who sings like Souixsie while rocking a stand-up bass.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Magic



"The Boss" reunites with the E Street Band for the first album since *The Rising*. *Magic* is testament that the Jersey crew remains relevant, with tracks ranging from joyful to serious to politically conscious. This CD is a perfect companion piece to classic *Born in the U.S.A.*

—Eric Althoff

PUSCIFER

V Is for Vagina



It's an album. It's an art movement. It's a clothing line? It's fucking odd. Maynard James Keenan from Tool and A Perfect Circle drops yet another side project that pushes creativity to the brink of madness.

U2

The Joshua Tree (Remastered/Expanded)



This deluxe edition gives U2's desert masterpiece the full treatment with a bonus disc and a DVD packed with videos, a live show from Paris and an in-depth documentary exploring the making of the breakthrough album.

BEGGARS BALL

1321



Have we found the Sunset Strip's next great rock 'n' roll band, the heir apparent to Guns N' Roses? Maybe. This self-released disc showcases both the electric and acoustic sides of Beggars Ball's talent. Sort of like Axl and the boys back in the day.

SPICE GIRLS

Greatest Hits



Now you will have an excuse to lurk around the sexiest store in your local mall without worrying about security guards busting you. Victoria's Secret is the exclusive outlet for this CD, which compiles the power group's hits with a new track. Ah, who the hell cares? Look at all those chicks trying on panties! (continued on page 76)



MEAT PUPPETS INTERVIEW
(continued from page 75)

the fucking swamp, and these two girls get into the RV.

CURT: We're in the sticks in South Carolina.

CRIS: Then some more hanky-pankery ensued.

CURT: Onto the bus climb these two toothless chicks. No teeth with nasty, dirty cutoffs, so of course our roadie drops his trousers and dives right in.

CRIS: Two memorable quotes came out of it. One girl is jacking two roadies off and says (in a hillbilly twang), "If my boyfriend

knew I was doing this, he'd beat me like he owned me." Then when the girls sort of tired of the place, she said, "Come on, boys, let's put the dicks up."

Once and for all, guys, what is a "meat puppet"?

CRIS: Your dick. Not yours, specifically. The dick.

CURT: It was supposed to be people. It was a song that we thought would make a good name for a band because it was like Led Zeppelin or Sex Pistols. My new favorite fake band name is Fishnet Diaper.

CRIS: We all are Meat Puppets. ■

A look at the latest music DVDs



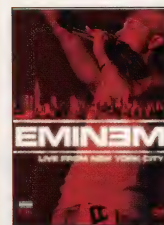
QUEEN ROCK MONTREAL & LIVE AID

Sure, Freddie Mercury was a card-carrying sissy, but Queen rocked. Besides catching the band at its peak in 1981, this two-DVD set includes a show-stealing performance at 1985's Live Aid concert. Most fans never got to see the awesome power of Queen onstage until now!



AC/DC: Plug Me In

This set is a treasure trove of over seven hours of unseen live material, videos and European TV appearances from Satan's favorite band. It traces the history of the rockers from the early days with Bon Scott to recent times with Brian Johnson. For those about to rock...FIRE!



EMINEM: Live From New York City, 2005

To wrap up his 2005 "Farewell Tour" the great white rapper rocked the crowd at a sold-out Madison Square Garden. That night, captured here, showcases Slim Shady ripping through 90 minutes of his hits, with guest shots from D12.



KISS LOVES YOU: A Film by Jim Heneghan

Not since the Beatles has a rock group had such a fanatical following. You wanted the best? This detailed documentary takes a look at the fans, various cover bands and the conventions

that are all part of the KISS mythology. (We would have said KISSology, but don't want to have to pay Gene Simmons.) This film makes you wonder if KISS really does love you or just your money.



AMAZING JOURNEY: The Story of The Who

Possibly the most comprehensive look at a band ever, this brilliant two-disc set features archival footage and interviews with all the members themselves, plus managers and key players in the Who's universe. Unlike most profiles that focus on a part of a career, *Amazing Journey* takes you from day one right up to today. If you need a heavy dose of "Maximum R&B," check it out.



LIVE EARTH: The Concerts for a Climate in Crisis

Can music save the world? Maybe not, but it can at least raise awareness on how to help the planet. This DVD collection captures live performances from the July 2007 concerts and features dozens of heavy-hitters, notably Genesis, the Police, Smashing Pumpkins, Foo Fighters, Linkin Park, Roger Waters and Metallica.



NIRVANA: Unplugged in New York

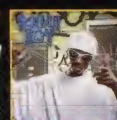
At last you can throw away your VCR because the classic MTV show is finally on DVD! Stripped down, Nirvana is songs over sneer, and the set list emphasizes repertoire over hits. This generational touchstone gets new depth through uncut vérité that's immersive and enthralling.

—Josh Steichmann

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

SOULJA BOY

souljaboytellem.com



Soulja Boy the song. Soulja Boy the dance. Soulja Boy the biggest thing to happen to crossover hip-hop since Hammer dropped the MC. This rapper is a one-man industry with his megahit "Crank That (Soulja Boy)" and may be around slightly longer than the "Mambo No. 5" dude.

THE LIBERTINES



The Best Of: A Time for Heroes

Long before Pete Doherty traded in any talent he had for addiction, he was in this beautifully sloppy rock outfit. The best of their work (some produced by the Clash's Mick Jones) shows a promising, energetic band that flamed out much too soon.

SCUM OF THE EARTH

Sleaze Freak



Your stripper girlfriend is going to dig this one. Former Rob Zombie guitarist Riggs offers up a Zombie-esque slice of sleaze that's full of sex, horror and sci-fi violence—and totally suitable for a night of grinding. Highlights include "Love Pig" and "Scum-O-Rama."

THE THRILLS

Teenager



Like the Beatles, Beach Boys and Cheap Trick, the Thrills sure know how to write a perfect pop song full of jangly guitars and catchy melodies. What else can we say except pop pop pop pop pop pop music?! Did we mention it's pop? Good.

ARP

In Light



With possibly the most apt album cover of 2007, *In Light* is warm, tropical, Balearic, analogue synth tones. Imagine Kraftwerk as stoned Angelinos instead of dour Germans.

—Josh Steichmann

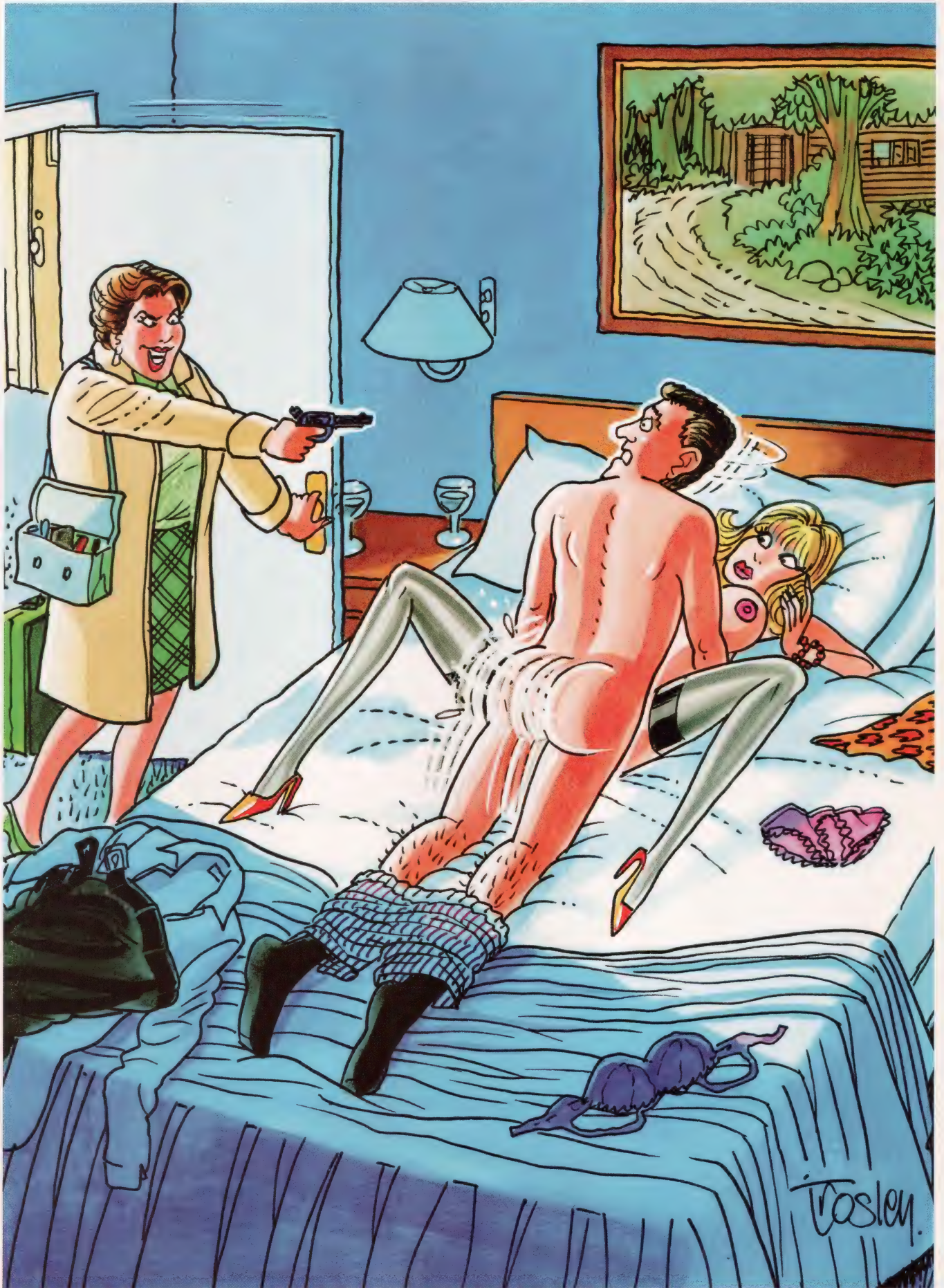
THE GOO GOO DOLLS

Greatest Hits Volume One:



The Singles

Buffalo, New York's favourite sons collect all their singles for an obligatory best of. While some view the band as a light rock knock-off of the Replacements, you can't deny the hooks and the hits. Highlights include "Iris," "Slide" and "Name."



"Go ahead. You shoot first!"



BRAND-NEW BABE IN TOWN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR HICKSPHOTO

ONLY IN HUSTLER:
1st
NUDE LAYOUT!

DAKODA BROOKES



Revenge is a dish best served cold, the saying goes, but **Dakoda Brookes** begs to differ—and that's not all the Southern hottie begs for in her syrupy drawl. "No one believes me, but the first time I had sex on film," the onetime Army brat recalls, "I'd only been with my boyfriend. I finally lost my virginity to him just after I turned 18, but the sonofabitch cheated on me. So I ran off and did a little porn as revenge." Sweet!

"I only did one blowjob scene," **Dakoda** continues, "but I had a feeling I'd take things a lot farther at some point. I was already an exhibitionist. It all started at a Super Bowl party when I was still living in a redneck town in Florida. Anyways, by kickoff time I was buck nekkid and ready to cheer on the Buccaneers. I streaked around the house and jumped in the pool whenever they scored!"

Rushing off to California, **Dakoda** has flung herself into the adult industry with the same enthusiasm. "I'm just living life to its fullest and having a blast modeling nude and being a naughty girl in movies," she tells us. How naughty? "I love sucking cocks and the hard, rough stuff. Don't just fuck me. Choke me, spank my ass, pull my hair and go to town, baby! Dang, I'm not a pussy, but I love that too!"









DAKODA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Zephyrhills, Florida
("But I was born on an Army
base in Anniston, Alabama.")

AGE: 19

BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio

HEIGHT: 5-3

WEIGHT: 100

MEASUREMENTS: 32B-24-34

No wonder **Dakoda** is now shacking up with Shy Love and several other vid vixens in a party house packed with cameras and all sorts of wanton opportunities. The "fun and outgoing" darling may miss some episodes of *Weeds*, *Dexter* and *Californication*, but there's no stopping her when she grabs a mouse. "I'm a total MySpace addict," **Dakoda** declares. "Maybe someday y'all will find out what I did one time to commandeer a buddy's computer so I could go online and see what my friends had to say."

You can find out what **Dakoda** did to get Internet access in Scott Fayner's exclusive profile in our July '08 issue.



MOVIE

Mammaries

SEXY '70S SUPERSTAR FARRAH FAWCETT

ALTHOUGH NOWADAYS SHE is a sun-wrinkled, haggard disaster, **Farrah Fawcett** was the hottest gal around in the mid 1970s. Men of a certain age will all remember hanging the babe's swimsuit poster on their bedroom walls once she sprang to fame as Jill Munroe, the hottie with the feathered hair on the hit TV series *Charlie's Angels*. But Fawcett also has an impressive body of film work that features her once-impressive body.

Long before she was a major star (or a Majors star, having married Lee "Six Million Dollar Man" Majors), Fawcett had a bit part in the appalling "comedy" *Myra Breckinridge* (1970), baring her nice nipples to the world for the first time. As a bonus, the flick features a lesbian lip lock between the newbie from Texas and **Raquel Welch** in her prime.

After a string of forgettable movies came Fawcett's unforgettable stint on *Charlie's Angels*. Convinced she was being underpaid at ten grand an episode, Farrah abruptly quit after just one season to rekindle her film career. One of her first efforts was the sci-fi snoozer *Saturn 3* (1980), packed with cheesy special effects, a stiff **Kirk Douglas** baring his 60-year-old butt and a maniacal, robot-obsessed **Harvey Keitel**. The only high point was a glimpse of Fawcett's breasts during simulated sex with the doddering Douglas. However, focusing on the geezer's adorable bedmate will launch your rocket in no time.

Although the star-packed road comedy *The Cannonball Run* (1981)



THE CANNONBALL RUN

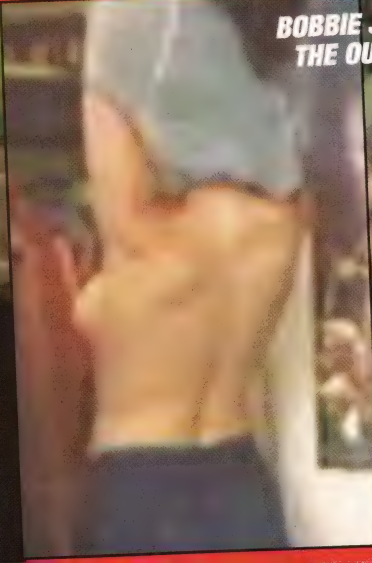


MYRA BRECKINRIDGE

Rent These NOW!



WONDER WOMAN

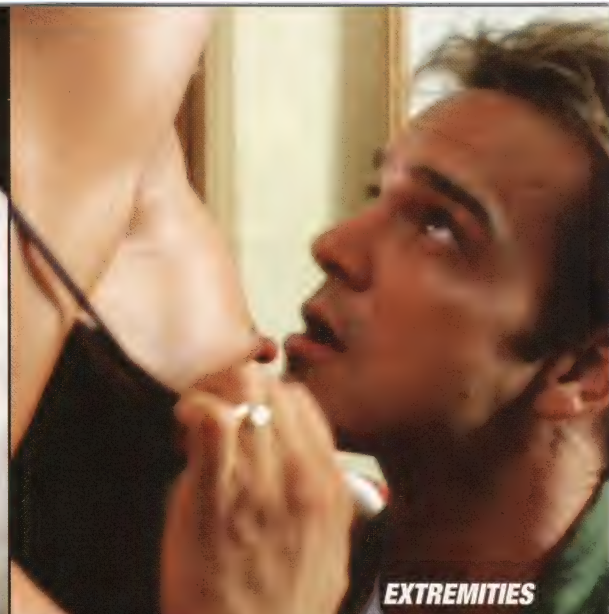


BOBBIE JO AND THE OUTLAW





SATURN 3



EXTREMITIES

DR. T AND THE WOMEN



features no nudity, it does showcase a nipple-popping performance by Fawcett. Watching that scene makes it almost worth sitting through the purportedly hilarious misadventures of **Burt Reynolds** and **Dom DeLuise**.

It wasn't until 1986, in *Extremities*, that the pinup queen achieved her goal of being viewed as a serious actress. Portraying a rape victim pushed to the brink, Farrah gets beaten and bruised. Of course, we certainly don't condone violence against women, but we openly support any ripped garments that reveal boobs!

Farrah Fawcett: All of Me (1997) provided what the adoring public had long been clamouring for: The lovely lady took it *all* off. Unfortunately, she was covered with paint. The bulk of this soft-core epic features Farrah using her nude body as a palette. It ain't art, but we like it.

Fawcett's final flash of cinematic nudity came in *Dr. T and the Women* (2000) opposite **Richard Gere**, a mostly unwatchable chick flick in which the striking fiftysomething plays a crazy woman. We know—typecasting. Fast-forward to the truly inspired moment when Ms. Fawcett's brazen character decides to strip down and jump into a public fountain. Look carefully and you can see her still-perky breasts and butt getting soaked. This is why God invented remote-control rewind. And pause.

Sadly, recent public appearances have found the onetime knockout primarily babbling like a lunatic on *The Late Show With David Letterman* and other chatfests. We doubt Farrah will ever offer up any more nudity onscreen, but we will always have the aforementioned films and that storied poster to keep her young and vibrant. Thanks for the memories, Angel.

LYNDA CARTER: Wonder Woman Indeed!

BACK IN THE LATE 1970s, watching voluptuous **Lynda Carter** gave new meaning to the term "boob tube." Cast as the whopper-packing star of *Wonder Woman*, she was the perfect embodiment of the Amazonian comic book superheroine. Such a pity that it was Carter's airplane that was transparent and not her body-hugging costume. Check out the series, now on DVD, to see the busty babe battle evil villains while jiggling her marvelous mounds. We guarantee she'll soon have you reaching for your own golden lasso.

The low-budget highlight of Carter's acting career came in 1976, when the top-heavy temptress starred as a carhop in *Bobbie Jo and the Outlaw*. The leading lady's lovely lungs are on full display, not once but three times! You get to see Lynda in a steamy simulated sex scene, changing her shirt and using her buoyant boobies as flotation devices in a skinny-dip—six breasts in all, and they're all hers! Carter's only onscreen nakedness makes *Bobbie Jo and the Outlaw* truly memorable.

Also worth mentioning is curvaceous Ms. Carter's appearance on *Battle of the Network Stars*, a string of schlocky ABC specials pitting TV luminaries against each other in oddball sports competitions. The gimmick allowed Carter to exchange her superhero costume for a skintight, one-piece swimsuit. Her pert nipples just begged to burst through, much to the delight of team captain and unabashed onlooker **Gabe "Welcome Back Kotter" Kaplan**.

Carter later got a chunk of unwanted fame when her husband, businessman/banker **Robert Altman**, was involved in the international BCCI financial scandal. (For all the dirty details, see our interview with Lucy Komisar, beginning on page 36.)

Remember, every month HUSTLER delivers the best in cinematic and big-name skin, but we also appreciate our readers' wishes. If there's a movie star or famous figure you'd like to see in the buff (or close to it), let us know by e-mailing NakedCelebs@LFP.com.

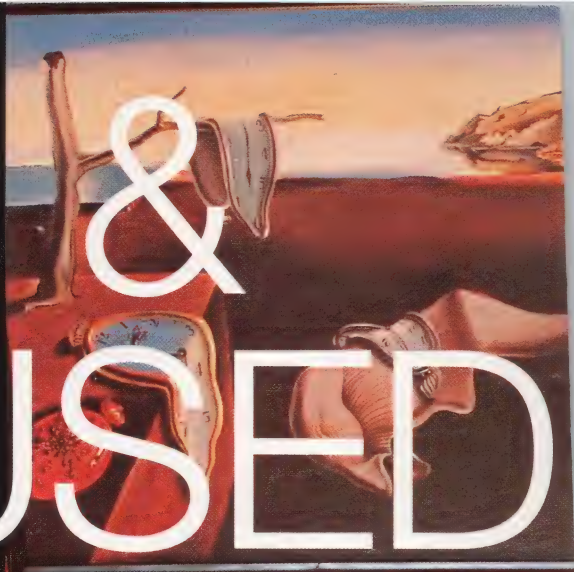
BATTLE OF THE NETWORK STARS



DAZED & CONFUSED

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

What the fuck was our photographer thinking? This pictorial makes no sense at all! Why is the stud holding a shovel? Shouldn't it be a broom? And what's the deal with this ridiculous room?! The walls look like the surface of the sun. Let's not even talk about the friggin' couch. It appears to have been constructed out of hundreds of dead gerbils. Anyway, enjoy!





I was told this photo-shoot would be a work of art reminiscent of Salvador Dali or Edvard Munch.

That's the last time I trust anyone with a German accent, but I can't wait to bone that dolly.

Watch as I pretend to be as surprised as that dude over there.

TARRA WHITE & MARTIN GUN



Hey, orange
you glad we shot
here? Get it? Orange,
like the color of
this silly room?





Let's stop complaining about the set. At least we're getting paid to fuck around, aren't we?

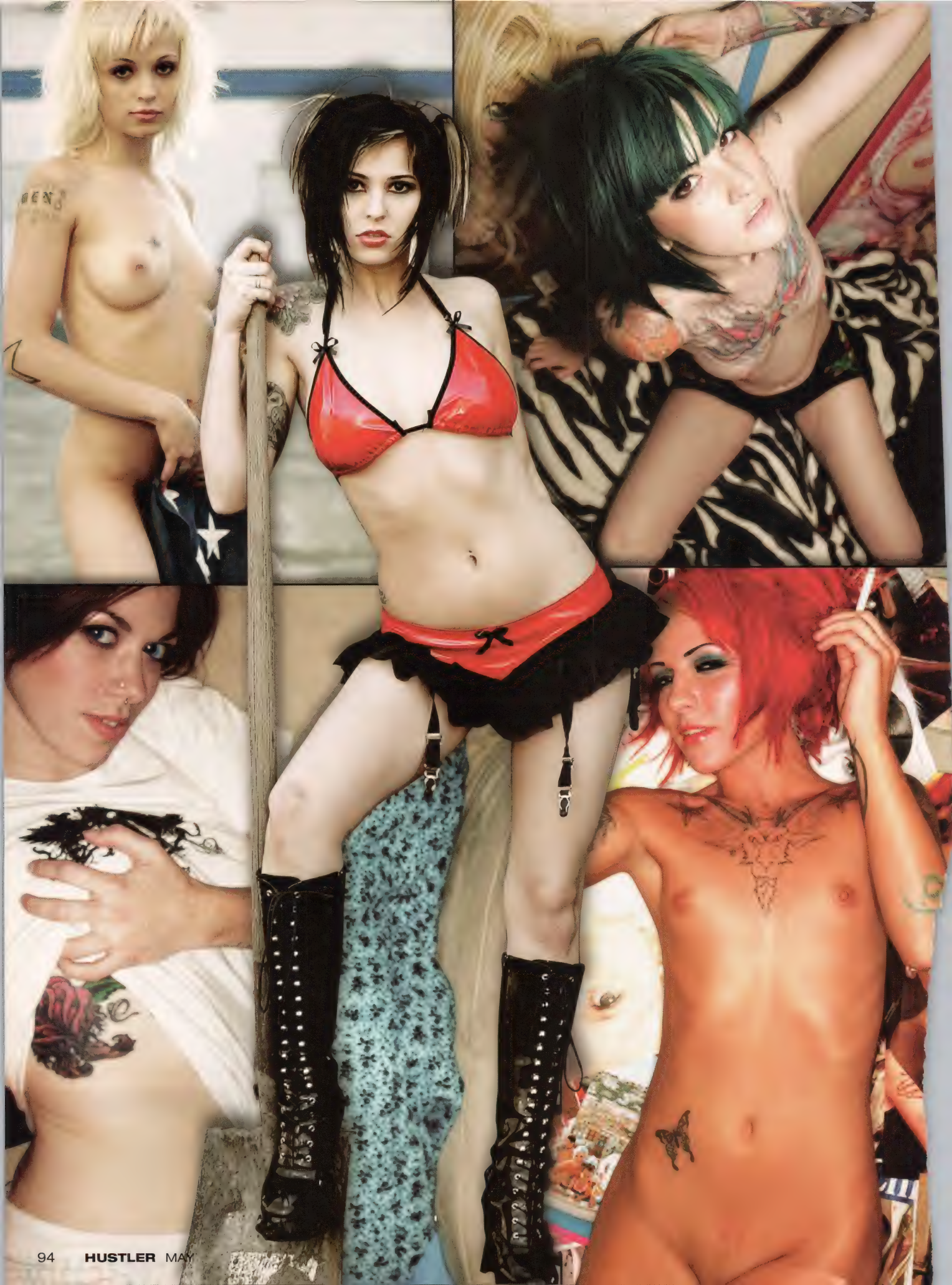


Not me! I'm doing this for a sandwich and a bus ticket back to Bakersfield.





Well, at least he didn't get any jizz on the couch. Good thing, 'cause I'm sure it's a rental.



BY K.K. LE ROQUE

HEAVENLY BODIES

Meet Alternative Porn's New Angels: GODSGIRLS!

THERE'S AN OLD SONG THAT GOES

"Thank heaven for little girls." We think it's apropos to add the line "Who are all over 18, adorned with tattoos and piercings and love to get naked as often as possible." Meet **GodsGirls.com**, the greatest thing to hit the skin biz in years.

This site is more than a pretentious new-comer on the World Wide Web; it's an online revolution. With a production facility based in downtown Los Angeles, the daring enterprise intends to turn out new erotic entertainment stars akin to Andy Warhol's fabled Factory back in the '60s. The girls live and work in a tightly knit community with one goal: to rule the alternative-porn world.

The provocative Internet site has been up and running for a little over a year, and in that short time it has

PHOTOS COURTESY GODSGIRLS.COM



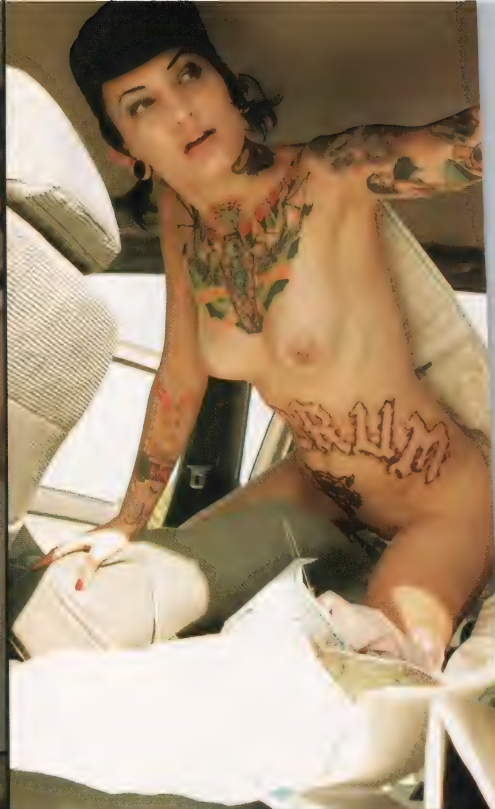
GODSGIRLS

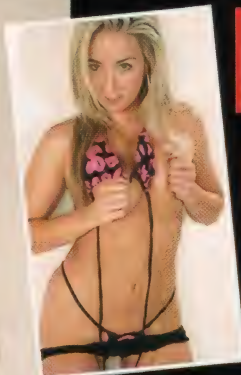
generated a ton of interest and fans, including more than 80,000 friends on MySpace.

GodsGirls.com offers cutting-edge erotic pictorials with a flair usually seen only in high-end fashion photography. Thanks to the site's expert lensmen, stylists and makeup artists, the showcased models are transformed into glamorous creatures worthy of *Vogue* or *Elle*, if not for one key difference: They choose to remove their clothes! Even though a GodsGirl may not fit the traditional paradigm of beauty, she can still be gorgeous in the eye of the beholder.

Cynics may dismiss this relatively new kid on the block as a rip-off of Suicide Girls. They would be wrong. While the concepts of each are similar, GodsGirls thrives not only on unabashed titillation, but also on fostering an interactive community. You are welcome into this wondrous world—which includes live events and assorted special treats—via digital eavesdropping, instant messaging and chats.

But the bottom line is that GodsGirls features more content than any other alt-porn site out there and adds up to 400 new photos every day. Did we mention the nudity? We did? Cool. Check out GodsGirls.com. We swear it will make you see God. 





Real College Girls

BY TYLER DOWNEY

All my teachers and classmates think I'm this sweet and innocent girl," declares Anna Belle, a freshman at California's **Lake Tahoe Community College**. "I guess I've fooled them now." While making a perfect nude model, she's anything but a model bookworm. "I don't like doing homework," the 5-foot-4 interior design major admits. "I'd rather be out on a mountain or riding a motocross race-bike." Anna Belle may picture herself as "a silly, hyper goofball," but she's also a top-notch snowboarder who's qualified for numerous national competitions.

The limber coed is an excitement junkie in the bedroom as well. "I like it rough from behind with my hair being pulled," confides Anna Belle, whose most memorable sexual experience was when she and a boyfriend shared a hooker in their Vegas hotel room!

Her next fling may be closer to home. "One of my teachers is this older man with long, gray hair," Anna Belle explains. "I would so love to fuck him!" Sounds like getting an A in that class shouldn't be a problem.

—Photos by Friend



CAN YOU ESCAPE F

Documentary filmmaker

**DANNY
SCHECHTER**

details how
Americans
surviving on
credit have been
victimized by
unscrupulous
lenders.



FROM DEBT PRISON?

THREE OUT OF FIVE AMERICANS

are in debt.

Ever since I finished my documentary on the subject, *In Debt We Trust*, I keep encountering what are called “topper stories.” This is when someone listens to you, or sees the film, and responds with the phrase “If you think that’s bad, let me tell you about my brother, my son, my grandfather, etc.” Everyone in America has a debt story because we are all living, one way or another, on credit.

But the biggest topper story has come not from the masses, or the media, but from that holiest of American institutions, one that supposedly can do no wrong: the *market*. That’s right. The wise men of American finance, are—as I write—in a state of high panic because the housing bubble burst. Their “sub-prime” loans—offered to borrowers who didn’t qualify for the best, or “prime,” interest rates—fueled our economy and funded a crazed wave of acquisitions, mergers and buyouts. Now these loans have been shown not to be worth the paper they’re printed on. As a result, millions of American families face losing their homes—the greatest wave of foreclosures since the Great Depression.

British journalist William Bowles explains: “Ostensibly, the problem was caused by what are termed loans in the ‘sub-prime market.’” To you and me these are bad loans made to people, primarily for mortgages, which the rise in interest rates have made too expensive for the unfortunate house “owners” to pay back. These loans were made by commercial banks that are now saddled with losses totaling billions of dollars.

“So what’s going on here?” Bowles asks. “We’re told that left to itself, the ‘market evens things out,’ supply and demand, and all that garbage. So why are governments intervening? Aside from anything else, if governments *don’t* intervene, the entire order would collapse.”

In part this was the bubble that *In Debt We Trust* warns about. But when you are in a company raking in the dough from what proved to be fraudulent, even criminal

practices, who has time for warnings or realistic assessments? One banker at Goldman Sachs, the go-go Wall Street firm, acknowledged that the banks should have known. Right.

Economist Max Wolff of the New School writes: “That is the heady road we traveled. It felt great to insiders speeding down the yield superhighway. That was until the sub-prime tire blew out. Forced to stop and unable to reinflate the tire with the usual hot air, folks began to look under the hood. That is where we are now. Peek under the hood and you see a lot of shiny, borrowed chrome, a debt-fueled engine and a lot of rot!”

This problem of “debt and rot” is huge, and its consequences are uncertain. Many of us are in so deep that it is hard to imagine ever getting out.

Loans ‘R’ Us: Americans live on borrowed money. Our country owes nearly \$10 trillion. Another \$7 trillion is tied up in mortgages. And then there are credit cards. When we’re not being bombarded with solicitations at home, we are charging up a storm of debt at rates of interest once considered usurious. Along with that come the inescapable late fees that run into billions. And our national savings rate is below zero. The last time that happened was during the Depression.

In a September 2006 report the Government Accountability Office warned that the situation is getting worse, much worse. No one listened to them either.

Check this out: “Over the past 25 years, the prevalence and use of credit cards in the United States has grown dramatically,” the GAO noted. “Between 1980 and 2005 the amount that U.S. consumers charged to their cards grew from an estimated \$69 billion per year to more than \$1.8 trillion, according to one firm that analyzes the card industry.”

The increased use of credit cards has contributed to an expansion in household debt, which grew from \$59 billion in 1980 to roughly \$830 billion by the end of 2005.

Okay, I hear you saying, “Stop already with the numbers. I can barely understand my own financial plight, so how can I wrap my brain around so many zeroes?”

If you resonate with that sentiment, you



DANNY SCHECHTER

are not alone. With its small print and convoluted legalistic language, reading a credit card agreement is virtually impossible. More importantly, the credit card companies can unilaterally change the terms of the deal **EVEN AFTER YOU SIGN IT**. Sometimes, when you are late on one account, all of your other cards’ interest rates go up through a nifty little arrangement called “universal default.” That’s because we are all wired together. The supercomputers at the credit-score bureaus have more information on us than the CIA.

Our government knows this too. That GAO report also explained: “As credit card use and debt have grown, representatives of consumer groups and issuers [the entity, such as a bank, that issues the card] have questioned the extent to which consumers understand their credit card terms and conditions, including issuers’ practices that—even if permitted under applicable terms and conditions—could increase consumers’ costs of using credit cards. These practices include the application of fees or relatively high penalty interest rates if cardholders pay late or exceed credit limits.”

These rules guarantee that the credit card business is super profitable. The companies get away with this by using high-powered lobbyists to deregulate the industry and through political donations that ensure the election of politicians who will do their bidding. Taken together, these practices—and there are many more even shadier ones—are set up to transfer money from your pocket to their vaults.

In other words, the biggest bank robbery in America is now being carried out by the banks themselves and the financial sector with the complicity of Congress, politicians and a compliant media that likes to cover stories on identity fraud of individuals but not of grand thefts by institutions.

As a filmmaker and investigative journalist, I know that the popular way to tell this story is by profiling victims. We have all seen those tear-jerking stories that make "good TV." Many people don't want to appear on these reports because they make them look stupid—as if getting in over your head is always *your* fault. ABC's John Stossel did a whole *20/20* show blaming debtors for their predicament.

Of course, it's often impossible to live in America without credit and credit cards. Debt is our viable currency. Sometimes getting behind or overspending is the borrower's fault. In a country fueled by consumption, everyone wants the latest of everything. And that costs money. When you don't have it, charge it. How simple: They lend you the money up front to buy what you want—until the bills come due.

As a result, we have become a nation of scammers—scammers in suits on the lending side and scammers at home, as borrowers scramble for the best deals, moving money onto zero-percent cards or looking for cheap mortgages that often quickly become unaffordable.

I wanted my film to go beyond the obvious stories of pain and distress as it looked into what is behind all of this, to analyze the special interests that have restructured our economy over the years from one based on production—with the factory as its icon—into a consumption-based system with the shopping mall as its epicentre.

As I pursued that approach, I learned about a process called "financialization," which means rule by financial institutions, leading to the growth of a credit-and-loan complex every bit as powerful as the better-known military-industrial complex.

In short, Americans' astronomical indebtedness didn't just happen. It was planned and organized with dynamics that are not very well understood by the public at large. It reflects the growing power of the private sector, the increasing power of corporations and the market system as Wall Street became far mightier than Main Street in this age of acquisitions, mergers and Big Business consolidation.

Consider various aspects of the debt trap: students leaving college \$40,000 in debt; sleazy practices by credit companies; passage of a new bankruptcy "reform" bill that makes it hard for *individuals* to get a second chance but does not limit *business* reorganizations; the steady rise in interest costs; the spread of predatory practices so that low-income people, including many military per-

sonnel, become dependent on payday lenders, tax refund joints and rent-to-own stores. Those who can least afford it end up paying more for everything while living on the edge as the inequality grows and the middle class shrinks.

Is it any surprise that this story is not being told by our media? The credit card companies alone spend over \$2 billion in marketing and advertising. No wonder documentaries like mine have a hard time being seen. The entertainment business is itself dependent on loans, and even big film festivals—like New York City's Tribeca—are totally dependent on American Express.

We need to educate the public about the deeper forces at work and the need for structural changes in our economy, urgent political reforms and new consumer protections. We need to stop restating problems and start exploring solutions, including debt relief.

In the new social conflict between lenders and creditors, financial institutions function as well-organized collection machines while individual borrowers are forced to react as individuals. Many are browbeaten with lectures about "personal responsibility" by corporations that only pay lip service to any form of social responsibility while compensating their own executives with obscenely high salaries and bonuses.

Robert Manning, author of *Credit Card Nation*, explains: "If ten percent of American credit cardholders withheld their monthly payments, it would bring the financial services industry to a standstill. ... At a larger issue, what we have to do is to get people involved at the state level, get their state attorneys general involved, aggressively filing class action lawsuits and then putting pressure on key legislators to say, 'This is unacceptable that they're not representing and balancing the issues of commerce with consumers. The balance is tilted dramatically against the average American.'"

To find out more about what you can do, visit StopTheSqueeze.org. The fight for debt relief won't be easy, but unless we try, we're going to end up like modern serfs paying bills that never go away. The housing bubble has already burst; the credit bubble may be next.

News Dissector Danny Schechter wrote, produced and directed *In Debt We Trust* (InDebtWeTrust.com). He is also the editor of MediaChannel.org and executive producer of the independent film company Globalvision. Schechter can be contacted at Dissector@MediaChannel.org.



George W. Bush visits his base: that small band of devoted, loyalist nutjobs who still support his policies.

THE PRESIDENT GIVES SPEECHES
AFTER LEAVING OFFICE

BEFORE I GO... ANY QUESTIONS?

MR. PRESIDENT, SEEING
THAT YOU ARE A PRIVATE CITIZEN
NOW, CAN PISSED-OFF FOLKS
BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF YOU?!



M



OFF-DIVING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL



**JELENA JENSEN &
ARIA GIOVANNI**



Jelena and Aria work hard at their day jobs as superhot porn queens. On a rare day off, the two babes decide to soak up some sun and hit the pool at a wealthy admirer's digs. While the old bastard is golfing, counting his money somewhere or perhaps ogling the goddesses through a picture window, Jelena and Aria enjoy each other's company and more.

"I'm so glad we didn't go to that bargain matinee," Jelena chimes out of the blue.

"Me too," Aria sighs. "So, wanna fool around?"

"You know I do, baby!" Jelena exclaims as she rips off her black two-piece. In a heartbeat, Jelena is chowing down on her to-die-for pal's sopping-wet honeypot. "Yummy, yummy," she coos as Ms. Giovanni heads to an orgasm supreme and her swimsuit disappears.







Aria is just as hungry, and when it's her turn to get a faceful, she knows every trick in the book. **Jelena**'s juicy snatch becomes a little playground for **Aria**'s fingers and mouth. "Oh, yeah, suck my clit!" **Jelena** roars, a climax close behind. Now *this* was a matinee well worth catching!







VIKTORIYA

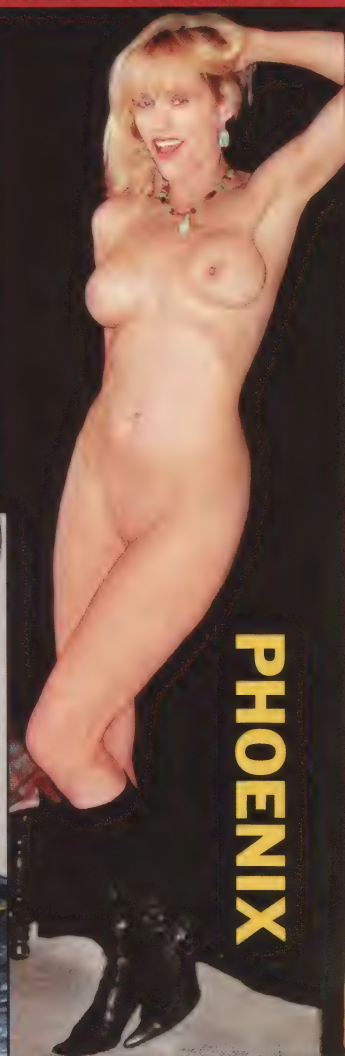


"I love posing for explicit nude photos," coos Ukrainian-born Viktoriya, 22, of Fisher Branch, Manitoba. "I thought the toy was a nice touch," adds the "extroverted" book editor, whose come-to-America dream has been punctuated by a showcase in her fave skin mag. Being bi-curious, Viktoriya most enjoys "looking at the girls," and for a fantasy the 5-foot-2 booby doll wants to "get crazier than the night I had sex with two guys in a hot tub." —Photos by Boyfriend



Proving there's no age limit in America's most democratic amateur photo contest is this zesty veterinary technician from Sandy Lake, Ontario. "I'm celebrating the fact that a woman of 52 can still look hot and sexy," Phoenix proudly proclaims. The 5-foot-7 "live healthy" advocate has surely reaped the benefits of her strenuous outdoor pastimes—primarily horseback riding, racquetball and mountain biking. Meanwhile, in the boudoir, Phoenix also maintains a hot-to-trot twentysomething's energy level. "My very active sex life is always evolving," the happy housewife points out. "Sex is getting better and better as I get older. My husband is amazed by my headwork."

—Photos by Husband



PHOENIX



"I cherish that first stimulating look from someone who wants to have sex with me. In my fantasies, I'd take them as they come. Age wouldn't matter."

"I'm single, and I tend to be a little flirt," chirps Honey, 19, a retail clerk from Kanata, Ontario. Besides being exceptionally flirtatious as eye candy for HUSTLER looky-loos, the 5-foot-5 bi babe is quite loquacious. "I'm very adventurous and compulsive," she announces. "I love skinny-dipping at the beach and sneaking off deep into the woods for sex. Sometimes I just can't restrain a bikini or my runaway horniness!" Honey, whose preferred position is missionary, has a kinky side too. "I really get off being submissive and fucked hard!" the sexy gal roars. — Photos by Friend



HONEY



"I'd love to make a girl come while another one is getting me off!"





"I'm very comfortable showing off my body," declares Ocean, 26, of Vancouver, British Columbia. "Nudity is a beautiful thing." A skin-biz shutterbug's assistant, the 5-foot-7 novice model is most proud of what's in back. "My friends say I have a J-Lo booty," toots Ocean, a doggy-style fancier who doesn't abhor fitting butt sex into her well-rounded carnal repertoire. "I enjoyed anal the few times I've tried it. I'm always willing to try new things and new girls. I'm very bi, aggressive and adventurous." On that note, Ocean—a huge hip-hop dancing fan—dreams of "leaving Vancouver for good and tempting hot surfers in Hawaii." —Photos by Friend

OCEAN



"My fantasy is to have sex with a guy and girl under the Hollywood Sign!"

BASHFUL

"Baby, I can't wait for you to come home!"

"This will be a nice surprise," says Bashful, a retirement centre housekeeper and scrapbooking enthusiast out of Edmonton, Alberta. "My husband is a soldier in Afghanistan." Belying her moniker, the 5-footer—who turns 41 in May—surprises us by divulging, "I love to suck cock and swallow. I've always wanted three or four guys for me and two girls for my husband. I want to watch him getting sucked on." Keeping the home fires burning, Bashful adds, "I miss him something fierce." —Photos by Husband

REECE

This lingerie dancer and auto-racing buff from Regina, Saskatchewan, has flashed beside Lake Michigan, but the 5-foot-4 Hoosier's intimate derring-do is even wilder. "I've always wanted to appear in HUSTLER," Reece, 37, informs us. "Who knows? The movies may be fun too. My boyfriend and I make our own sex tapes while our friends come over and watch. I love to suck dick and fuck too! And I swallow. I'm up for anything with guys and girls both! I've had groups of three or four, but I could handle more!" —Photos by Boyfriend



"My fantasy is to be lying naked on a beach and taking on every cute guy and girl who walks by!"

SWEET CANDI

"I'm what you'd call a monogamously promiscuous, contented housewife!"

"Your magazine goes down into the coal mines," reveals this snazzy Estevan, Saskatchewan, homemaker. "My husband is a miner and a HUSTLER reader. He's been on me to do this for a while.



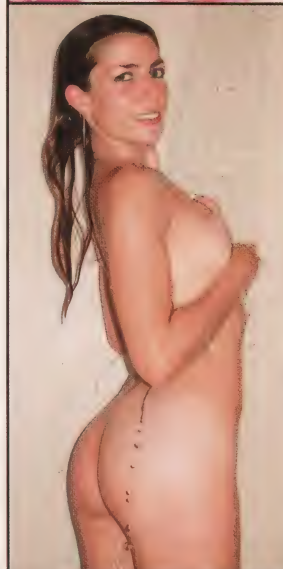
God knows why I waited so long!" While waiting on hubby to come home, Sweet Candi, 28, does "the usual day-to-day things, but my nights are a completely different story." Explains the 5-foot-6 newbie, "Our sex life varies, but I always try to make my man happy in every way possible. My favourite thing is to sit back and masturbate while he watches. I also fantasize about a threeway with my husband and a beautiful woman in a hot tub." —Photos by Husband

"I love masturbating for my favorite coal miner!"





THALIA



"Having sex under a waterfall would kick ass!"



"I love having one-night stands with three or four people!"

Making herself quite at home in this installment of HUSTLER's amateur haven is a homemaker from Winnipeg. "Posing nude for the first time was fun," recalls Thalia, whose other fun stuff includes dancing, reading, sunbathing and sex. "I'm usually pretty wild and dominant," the aficionada of "69 with a guy or girl" admits. Two issues back, honouring Thalia's 24th B-day and breathtaking backside with a preview, we asked, "Is the 5-foot-3 Manitoban up for amusing herself with that vibrator?" She was up to the task, eh?! —Photos by Friend

"Thirty or 40 years from now I can remember how I looked," reflects this immodest denizen of Greenfield Park, Quebec, who owns a hair salon and relishes getting bare when a camera is clicking. Keen on rhyme schemes, Myra, 39, is an avid country songwriter who's also into "fishing, camping and partying." As for much more intimate endeavours, the 5-foot-5 MILF doesn't flinch. "I love sex, period, and any position," Myra tells us. "New stuff keeps the fire going." And spontaneity prevails! I was raised in the Laurentians, so you know I'm game for some good, hard lovin' out in the woods, but just lately I've also done the deed over a toilet and in a closet." This harmonious gal has more than arousing pics to look back on. —Photos by Husband



"I write country tunes, but I'd love to rock with Vince Neil and Axl Rose at the same time!"

AMATEUR PHOTO CONTEST FLASH FOR CASH

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur nudist over 18 years of age? The 2008 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Competition is looking for you! Snap a clear, color picture and mail it to NORTHLAND MEDIA INC., 3495, Cambie Street, suite 524, Vancouver, BC, Canada V5Z 4R3. Every lady whose picture we print gets \$150 and a chance at the 2006 Grand Prize. Grand Prize Finalists win \$500 each. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is \$250, and the Finalists' photographers win \$150. Fill out the model release below, and include a photocopy of (1) a photo ID and (2) another form of ID. All photos become the unreturnable property of Northland Media Inc.

MODEL RELEASE / ENTRY FORM

To enter Hustler Beaver Hunt you must be over 18 years old, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport, work or school ID card or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos become the unreturnable property of NORTHLAND MEDIA inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Win \$150 if we publish your photo. Send photos, IDs and release to NORTHLAND MEDIA, 3495, Cambie Street, suite 524, Vancouver, BC, Canada V5Z 4R3



Please Print

Model's name		
Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name		
Name to be published		
Date of birth	Phone (include area code)	
Model's Social Security number		
Address		
City	Province	Postal Code
Personal e-mail address	Occupation	
Hobbies		
Sexual Fantasies (include separate sheet if necessary)		
Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model)		
Date		

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of \$150 for photographs, I hereby give NORTHLAND MEDIA inc., its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, full worldwide rights and exclusive permission in perpetuity to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.



SCREEN NAME:

Ambrosia

AGE: 22

STATUS: Married

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 69

Sorry, everyone, but this breathtaking Californian has been happily married since she was 18. Luckily for all of us, her husband isn't afraid to share—at least when it comes to admirers gazing at the 5-foot-10, 34D-27-34 bombshell.

Amber may be a devoted, faithful housewife, but she's opened lots of eyes since venturing to cyberspace. What started out as a few provocative photos for a childhood friend's Web site eventually blossomed into her very own hard-core fantasy realm. The menu even included videos of amorous Amber giving her man blowjobs and then taking him on for some hard-pounding action. All in a day's work for this self-confessed exhibitionist, who loves nothing more than to get butt naked and turn her fans on.

In the day-to-day grind, Amber is a licensed pharmacy technician, and her long-range plans include becoming a full-fledged pharmacist. As for certain self-righteous pharmacists who refuse to dispense the "morning after pill," Amber has a low opinion. "No offense," she says, "but those are people who just don't understand. They're very close-minded."

Like Larry Flynt, Amber enjoys a rousing game of high-stakes poker, and the young lady witnessed quite a few while working as a casino's Texas Hold 'Em dealer. "I once dealt a game whose pot grew to \$93,000," she recalls. "A guy with four 10s lost to a royal flush!" With the winner's handsome tip, Amber went out and bought an English bulldog she aptly named Jackpot.

Going all in, so to speak, the stacked cyberbabe reveals her biggest turn-ons. "I love being spanked and bitten on the neck," she admits. "It's a vampire thing." Amber, who's also a card-carrying member of the infamous Mile High Club, promises to finally offer her online audience something extra-special: anal sex, which she enjoys "as long as it's with a toy in the front as well!"

Being an Internet chick from a small town has made Amber somewhat of a local celebrity, and she hopes exposure in *HUSTLER* will only increase her fame. Since her original profile was deleted, she's starting all over again, adding new and old friends. So hurry up and visit MySpace.com/RealAmbrosia, which will feature lots of photos and info on her reincarnated explicit Web site.



THE GIRLS OF MY SPACE

BY TYLER DOWNEY



SPACE #16: AMBER



HUSTLER'S GIRLS OF MYSPACE ★

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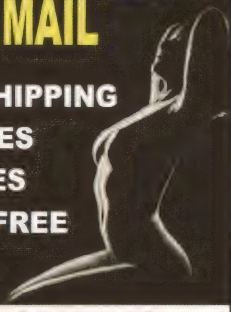
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A REAL-LIFE CARIBBI



Our man in the Dominican Republic uncovers an all-inclusive sex resort.

BY JOE DIAMOND

YOU'RE SIPPING A MARTINI AT A TIKI BAR surrounded by palm trees as a blazing-orange sun sinks beneath the horizon. A pair of lookers clad in nothing but towels around their waists are entertaining you. Their caramel-coloured skin glistening, the flirtatious vixens rub their nipples against you as they nibble on your ears and molest what's underneath your bathing suit. You fucked one of these dark-haired temptresses last night, although all that booze makes it hard to remember which one. No problem. You can refresh your memory an hour from now, when you're fucking *both* of them.

This isn't a dream. You're not dead, and you're not on drugs. You're just high on oxygen, as in Oxygen Retreat, an all-inclusive Caribbean resort that offers one very special amenity not advertised at any Club Med: sex.

So how much do you have to fork over for this earthly paradise? Packages start at \$1,995 for three days, two nights. That includes the company of up to four girls a day and unlimited food and drink.

It ain't cheap, although during my stay I probably guzzled more than two grand in Gran Patrón tequila.

Will you get your money's worth at Oxygen Retreat? That, of course, is subjective. One guy might prefer to buy a big plasma TV so he can sit at home and jack off to lifelike images. On the other hand, I chose to spend a lot of hard cash on the real thing at an erotic El Dorado, where the pussy prospects runneth over.

More good news: The resort has a no-cash-tips policy, but guests' welcome booklets include tickets that can be used for discretionary tipping. If a babe truly blows you away and you want to give her a few of those tickets, it's your choice. But since word travels fast among a relatively small group of guests, the party girls need to be savvy about maintaining the right balance of eroticism versus economics. Any chick who seems overly motivated by gratuities could easily find herself in low demand.

When I arrived for a weekend at this real-life Fantasy Island, there

AN FANTASY ISLAND



was no pudgy-faced midget ("De plane, boss, de plane!") or mysterious gentleman in an elegant white suit to welcome me. Instead, I was greeted by Oxygen's huge staff of smoking-hot "hostesses."

As I soon found out, the ladies are willing to do much more than place a mint on a guest's pillow at bedtime. As one of the owners, Mike, told me, "Our girls understand the meaning of *full service*."

Oxygen proudly maintains a two-to-one ratio of girls to its predominantly male guests. With about 40 hostesses on hand during my weekend, it was like being at an international beaver buffet. Among the delicacies were young women from the Dominican Republic, Philippines, Colombia and Ukraine. Mike asked if I wanted to schedule any off-site activities, such as scuba diving. But the only diving I wanted to do was jackknifing straight into a warm, moist muff.

Then Mike handed me the "keys" to this Kingdom of Cooze: that aforementioned booklet filled with blue and green tickets. The former gets you a two-hour session with the damsel of your choice, the latter an all-nighter (*toda la noche*, as they say in these parts).

Oxygen opened in September 2006, and it's apparent that Mike and fellow co-owner Robert—both former strip club operators—

know all about catering to men's fantasies and desires. Discussing their remarkable establishment, Mike related, "We're regular guys who've done the single and married thing and decided to create an exclusive resort where men's fantasies can come true, where you can enjoy the companionship of women selected not only for their looks, but also for their personality and cleanliness."

But the two businessmen were also inspired by disappointing sex-industry experiences. "We were not impressed with the escort scenes we had checked out," Mike complained. "Regardless of location—Southeast Asia, Eastern Europe, Latin America—at least 80% of the women were not that attractive, or were just hustlers with no real interest in providing a good time. Also, in a lot of these countries we couldn't find good food or it was extremely expensive."

I tasted the fruits of the Oxygen founders' efforts, not only in bed, but also at the resort's outstanding restaurant, where I gorged on lobster and filet mignon.

As good as that was, it couldn't compare to the visual feast of a luscious Latina who called herself La Bebe (Spanish for the Baby) sloshing around topless in the pool. "I'm still learning to swim," the

Being surrounded by mischievous, exotic dreamgirls eager to provide "full service" 24/7 is a reality at the Oxygen Resort. Hitting the pool with La Bebe (left) and her sexy sidekicks are guest Zak and co-owner Mike (center).



Bubble-butts galore! The Oxygen babes enjoy playing with each other, to the delight of onlookers.



were soon joined by Mika, a gorgeous Filipina. (Nothing says "fuckable" like an Asian Barbie doll.) As I admired the Angelina Jolie tattoo on her left shoulder, Mika asked, "You know her?"

"Sure," I BS'd. "I go to a lot of celebrity parties."

"Get her to come here," the cutie pleaded. "You have no idea how much I want her to eat my pussy."

"Everyone says I look like Angelina Jolie," I quipped, pursing my lips. Mika quickly pulled me under the water and kissed me. We resurfaced, smacking into La Bebe's boobs. "I'm shielding your

top-heavy naiad remarked. *Why?* I wondered. Nature had equipped her with a pair of flotation devices that would have made the *Titanic* unsinkable.

La Bebe and I wandered over to the nearby waterfall, where we

heads from the waterfall," the voluptuous *chiquita* cooed.

I don't know if Oxygen has a no-fucking-in-the-pool policy, but my balls were becoming as blue as the Caribbean. I invited both girls back to my room, but La Bebe had a previous engagement. Mika agreed to come by in a half-hour.

The adorable Filipina showed up in a white-lace bustier, garters and G-string. When we decided to play in my Jacuzzi, Mika treated me to a mouth-watering striptease combined with lots of grinding against my dick. "Why is your bathing suit still on?" the pixie huffed as we stepped into the tub. Instead of waiting for an answer, she manoeuvred it off with her nimble toes. I reciprocated by rubbing a big toe on her sweet spot. A moment later, Mika was eagerly sucking on my dick.

WHO WANTS TO BE TREATED like a king at the Dominican Republic's Oxygen Resort? My fellow guests were all men, but couples are welcome. Like Zak, a programmer from New York, most of the guys I spoke to were single. Of course, some were married and "away on business." Guests were in their late-20s through 70s. Thank God, that vast disparity didn't apply to the hostesses, whose average age was 20.

But nothing is average at this surreal tropical hide-away. Take Elena, a succulent little spinner from Venezuela who celebrated a birthday the day I arrived. The barely legal sweetie stayed with me one unforgettable night. The next morning at seven, someone started knocking on my door. It was Mika, gathering Elena for an English class in town.

"Wanna join us for a few minutes?" I asked.

"If it's okay with Elena," Mika purred, smiling.

"Elena, would you mind if—" Before I could finish, my latest bedmate was at the door, eyeing Mika like a lioness sizing up her prey. She took Mika's hand and murmured, "I don't mind at all."

The two nymphos devoured each other, their lady lust driving me to the brink of implosion. Then it was time to lavish their attention on me. But you can only tamper with the forces of nature so long. All it took was the touch of Mika's fingers as she rolled a condom on me, and I was gone. Oh, but what a way to go!

I definitely learned something that weekend: Man cannot survive without Oxygen.

For additional information, visit OxygenRetreat.com or call 1-888-96-OXYGEN.

New York City-based Joe Diamond, who previously penned *Cheap Thrills in Brazil* (HUSTLER, November '04), has covered sex, politics, crime and entertainment for various media outlets, including the *New York Post*, MSNBC.com, TV Guide and Maxim's U.K. edition. He is currently working on a book about sex tourism in the age of globalization.



"No kidding, Todd. I had no idea that semen is an excellent sunscreen!"



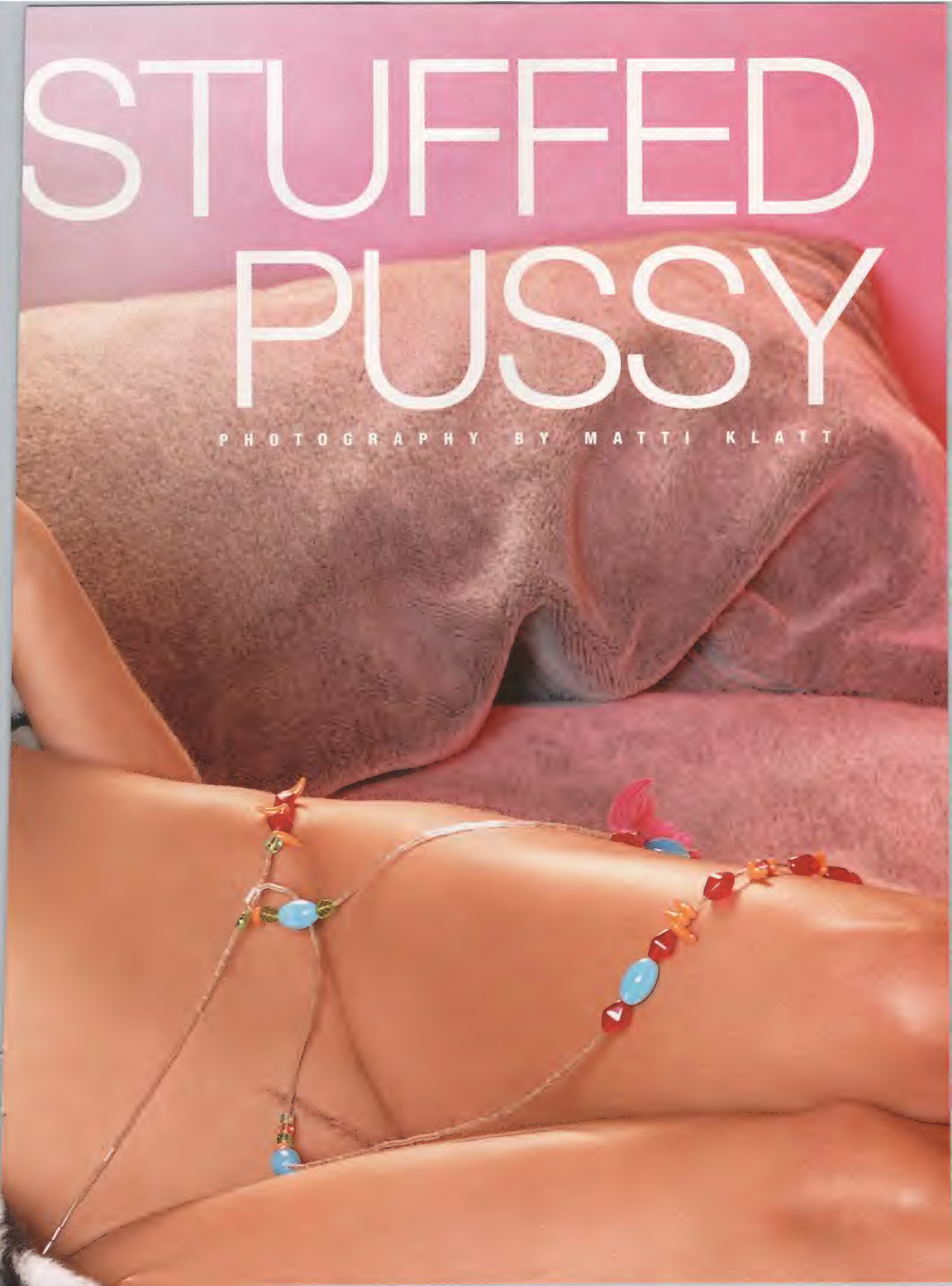
"I'll quit when it stops being fun."



ZOE

STUFFED PUSSY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT





Although she insists "my English isn't so hot," this Czech hottie knows how to speak the language of love just fine. "I'm sort of old-fashioned," **Zoe** reveals. "When it comes to sex, I like and need lots of romance. I love when a man is willing to wine and dine me. Maybe he can buy me flowers and perfume. Soft kisses and caresses make me melt."

Zoe looks like a seasoned model, but baring the whole nine yards for a photographer is merely a sideline for the impressive newbie. "I wish I could say that posing nude is my only job," **Zoe** explains. "Right now I work for a travel agency. It's kind of depressing because I'm always helping people plan these exciting trips, and I don't get to go anywhere. Maybe someday I'll be an international model."









Actually, being in HUSTLER has done just that. So what's next for the enticing creature? "I want to meet a nice man who is sexy and willing to have many adventures," **Zoe** remarks. "I would love to travel with him around the world, having sex in as many different countries as possible. This has long been a fantasy of mine. Another is having sex on an airplane. What do you call it—the Miles High Club? That would be hot."

One might think that the romance-seeker has potential lovers coming out of the woodwork, right? "No," **Zoe** laments. "It's terrible, but I don't know many sexy men. Do you think any of your readers would like to be my travel mate?" Hey, guys, now you have something else to grab—your passport!





ZOE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Blansko, Czech Republic
AGE: 22
BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius
HEIGHT: 5-3

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